The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

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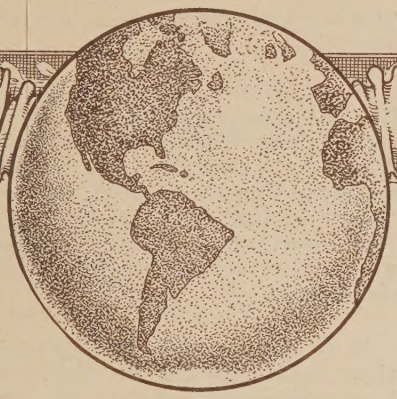

"Where'er he goes the wise man
is at home,
His hearth the earth, his hall the
azure dome,
Where his clear spirit leads him
there's his road,
By God's own light illumined and
fore showed."

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1837 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Μιγμα

The spectacle of white men, who have done all in their power to accentuate the color line, protesting against the provision of *negro* doctors and associates to care for *negro* ex-service men, would be ludicrous were it not so seriously tragic. (*Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

In all the theological disturbance, at least one sentiment should be a pleasantry, to wit: William E. Barton, President of the National Council of the Congregational Churches, rises and remarks, "As for the Apostles' Creed, what do we know about it, except that the Apostles got along very well without it?" (*Christian Register.*)

υ λ

At last we are to have the whole truth about Russia. At least the *New York World* promises this in a series of articles by its special correspondent, Mr. Samuel Spewack, who has recently left Moscow after an extended sojourn there. The journal goes on to explain that while Mr. Spewack was in Russia he was hampered by the censorship, that much of his correspondence was deleted or altered, and that he had to shape his articles to meet the views of the Soviet authorities. Yet it is only a short time ago that the *World* was publishing these selfsame dispatches and articles as the whole truth about Russia. Consistency, thou art a jewel! (*Independent.*)

υ λ

Savannah gets a good name for itself, and heightens the honorable repute of all the South, by the successful resistance which its peace officers and local militia offered to a mob bent on taking an accused negro from the county jail. . . . The hard thing for an officer of the peace to get over when a mob confronts him is the feeling that it is outrageous to slaughter respectable neighbors in order to protect some low-grade criminal. . . . In this case the sheriff, the public prosecutor, and the chiefs of police, firemen and militia, refused to believe for a moment that any member of a mob is an innocent citizen after he has been warned of the consequences of interfering with the regular course of law. (*Continent.*)

υ λ

We are living in an age of outlines, and they are excellent things in their way. . . . An English publisher, with a sense of humor which many Americans mistakenly refuse to credit his nation with, has advertised with a great show of scholarly solemnity an "Outline of Everything, in one fortnightly part," at one shilling six pence. (*Christian Century.*)

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It needs additional funds for missionary publications.

It needs endowed subscriptions for college and public libraries.

It will receive annuity funds paying interest to he donor for life

THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW US

YOU think, perhaps, that we do not believe in Christ. We think that we do believe in him and that nobody can believe in him more.

And if we make a mistake in stating our belief from your standpoint, if we don't use just the words that you use, do you think that our dear Master will mind if he knows that we are honest, that we are trying hard to know all we can and to state it just right and, above all, are trying hard to follow where he leads us?

To us, the debt we owe Christ is incalculable because he reveals God to us. The unknown God is like Christ. God is not far away, lost in majesty and glory, untouched by our sorrows and joys, He is like the warm, loving, helping, serving, seeking, saving Christ. What Christ was in his life on earth, that God is. Much more, undoubtedly, but not less. And that thought gives us confidence in the whole universe and confidence in our own lives. There is a God who made us, who cares for us, who knows all about the birth of helpless little babies, all about the death of our beloved, and who never forsakes us, for He is like Christ.

And we believe that Christ, who revealed God, revealed also ideal manhood. His struggles, his suffering, his terrible fatigue, his sorrow, were all real. They were like what we have. His victory was won against odds like those we face here and now. The quality of his life on earth was not different or superhuman—but it was perfect human life. He could have fallen but he didn't fall. He could have run away but he didn't run. He won out when he might have lost. That makes the story of his life the matchless story for us.

We say as a Church in our profession of faith that we believe in "the spiritual authority and leadership of His Son Jesus Christ." Whatever else Universalists may believe about Christ, to be Universalists they have to accept the leadership of Christ. If they do that, to us they are Christian, for Christ himself said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Some of us are Trinitarian, that is we believe that in some way we can not explain Christ was actually a part of God.

Some of us are Unitarian, but Christian Unitarian, that is we believe that God is one and there is only one God and that Christ is His true and perfect son, or, as some put it, "We believe in the divinity of Christ and not in his deity—that he was the son of God and not the same Being to whom he prayed."

Both kinds of Universalists are good Universalists if only they love and follow Christ.

If Trinitarians misrepresent Unitarians or Unitarians are contemptuous toward Trinitarians, both cease to be good Universalists and good Christians. The heart of Christianity is love of God and kindness to man.

* *

TUFTS AND THE FLETCHER MILLIONS

UNDER the will of the late Austin B. Fletcher of New York from two to five millions of dollars goes to Tufts College. Mr. Fletcher's intimate friends have been aware for some time of his intention to will the bulk of his estate to the college of whose board of trustees he has been president for many years. Nevertheless, with the many slips between the cup and the lip in all testamentary matters, nobody could be absolutely sure about it. Now apparently the highest hopes have been realized. When this estate is settled and these bequests paid, a new day will dawn for Tufts College.

A million dollars will come for the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. Five Fletcher professorships, Oratory, English Literature, Rhetoric and Debate, Philosophy, and Music—will be endowed. Leo Lewis, who has given a lifetime of able, self-sacrificing service to Tufts teaching music, will come into his own. A professorship of Commercial Law will be instituted for the proposed School of Business Administration and Commerce to start which $500,000 was given from another source some time ago.

The more the provisions of Mr. Fletcher's will are studied in the light of the present situation the wiser and finer they appear. The Braker bequest provides for a great business school, the million for a school of law and diplomacy for another great professional unit, but lest either or both submerge the higher life of the institution, he plans to crown all with a splendidly endowed group of professorships of what we have almost forgotten how to describe as the humanities.

Said one of the leading alumni: "This all means

a new and better grade of students, higher standards, better work."

Tufts has a president who is a leader. He has the moral authority which comes from giving up an income of $20,000 a year in a successful business to devote himself to education. He is an able executive and a real man.

Tufts has a faculty which measures up well to the exacting requirements of the day, and which will be strengthened unquestionably by this bequest.

Tufts has a physical situation unsurpassed for convenience and beauty by any college. Like all other first class colleges, Tufts occupies a field where the demand for its services is greater than its ability to meet the demand. In other words, Tufts College is not a duplicating, competing human institution, which logically ought to be scrapped.

Into a field where human need is great, where thousands of boys and girls are seeking salvation—the only salvation which counts, all around development—into a plant which is a going concern and which he knew all about, Mr. Fletcher has poured his millions. They will not be wasted. They will not endanger or ruin. Far more than he could have dreamed they will make Tufts College a power for good and abundantly justify his wisdom and generosity.

* *

CONGREGATIONALISTS COMING TO NEW ENGLAND

ONE week before our General Convention the Congregationalists of the United States will meet at Springfield, Mass.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, Frank A. Vanderlip, Robert E. Speer, Charles E. Jefferson, the President of the United States and the Ambassador of Great Britain are among those invited to speak.

True to Congregational traditions of individual liberty, this annual national gathering is called a council and not a convention, but it unquestionably has been growing in power and influence.

We commend our people to careful study of the inspiring figures printed in this issue showing Congregational progress. Seventy-three thousand people have joined Congregational churches the past year. To pastors have been paid over $7,000,000, an average of $1,778 exclusive of use of parsonage. To missions and benevolences have been given over $7,000,000. The past two years have been the best in their history.

The Congregationalists deserve their success. They are forward looking, hard working, intelligent and brotherly.

May the Springfield gathering be the best in their history.

* *

A GREAT NATURE BOOK

THERE is a deepening interest in the study and appreciation of Nature. Men and women hear the call of this world of wonder and beauty. They feel the lure of the great out-of-doors. They like to wander by the seashore, to tramp across country, to penetrate into the fastnesses of the wilderness, and to climb the mountains. They find pleasure in the growth of the seed, in the song of the bird, and in the sublimity of the starry heavens.

There are books written by men and women whose eyes have been opened and their ears unstopped, and with these books we can be guided in our study and helped in our appreciation of the world, and thus find deep and perennial sources of refreshment and joy. We provide ourselves with these splendid nature books, and we are grateful that there are so many of them that have the scientific temper, and tested knowledge, and the appreciative spirit. With the coming of the summer and the great privilege of a vacation in the country we can take up these books and go on our great adventure of discovery.

There is one book which most persons are not wont to think of as a great Nature book. They like to regard it as "The Book of God," and verily it is, in the sense that we find so much therein recorded about God, and without which we would be deprived of our greatest source of God and spiritual realities. Others like to regard it as "The Book of Man," and indeed it is, for nowhere else do we find recorded so much of man at his worst and at his best, and without which we would be far more destitute of self-knowledge than we are. But we should also regard it as "The Book of Nature," for verily the Bible is such a book, and it should accompany us into the country and have the chief place in our library of Nature books. It is the great out-of-doors book. Much of it can be truly understood and adequately appreciated only when it is read out-of-doors, and one's eyes are fixed upon the objects about which it speaks. It opens with a great hymn to the creation and its Creator. The first chapter of Genesis should be read under the stars. Adam and Eve in the garden should be read out in the orchard. One should go with Isaac out into the night and meditate with him under the starry canopy, and most of the Psalms can only be fully appreciated in valleys, in green pastures, beside water-courses, on hill tops, or in great open spaces. The One Hundred and Fourth Psalm is regarded by Shairp as one of the most remarkable Nature poems in all literature. Amos should be read in the woods. How much more meaning do the parables of Jesus gain when we read them out in the garden, or in the fields! And when the sun is setting beneath the western horizon, clad in splendor and singing Holy, Holy, Holy, and our thoughts follow it and pass beyond it into the eternal world, it is good to recall the vision of the City of God with the green fields, the flowing river of life, and the fruit laden trees with healing in their leaves for all the nations. We knew one good poor woman who always delighted in the new Jerusalem with its gold-paved streets. We knew another in the same parish who was always glad for this bit of natural beauty in the heavenly world. She loved the beautiful things of Nature here, and so Heaven was more attractive to her because of its river and trees.

Thus from one end of the good book to the other, Nature, in some one or other of her aspects, in some detail or grand feature, plays a large part. Let us not look for scientific knowledge in these pages, but for poetic and religious knowledge, and of this knowledge we are most in need and it is most refreshing for our souls. The Bible is the "Book of God," and the "Book of Man," but it is also the "Book of Nature."

D. E.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XXX An Abandoned City

John van Schaick, Jr.

SO limited was my knowledge of India when I started on this world cruise that I had never heard of Fatehpur-Sikri, the abandoned city of the Mogul Emperor Akbar.

My friend, Mr. George Cary of Buffalo, an old and discriminating traveler, told me about it as we were starting for Agra, and invited me to go with him. He quoted Edward Verrill Lucas, who wrote: "If I were asked to say which place in India had most fascinated me and touched the imagination, I think I should name this dead city."

It may seem like sacrilege to speak of anything else on a pilgrimage to Agra except the Taj Mahal and the Pearl Mosque, but we gave both the sunrise and the sunset hours to the Taj and took the blistering hot hours of midday—the hours of rest and siesta—for Fatehpur-Sikri, which was not on the itinerary.

Seen even under unfavorable conditions, with the Indian sun high overhead pouring down with pitiless intensity, with the little air which was stirring like that from a superheated oven, with a midday glare over the vast plain which we traversed, it touched chords in all of us which have not ceased to vibrate yet.

For consider these remarkable things about it: As Colonel Newell points out in his little book on Agra, "it enjoys the unique distinction among towns of being entirely the work of one man." Not only that but, as the caprice of an hour ordered it made, the caprice or impulse of another hour ordered it abandoned. By order of one man a city seven miles around sprang up in a desolate plain and on barren hills, which had been the habitation of wild animals and the retreat of a hermit, and by order of the same man some of the most magnificent structures in the world were abandoned on that plain, left alone like a city of the dead.

Thousands of men quarried and hauled and build-ed and carved. Millions and tens of millions of money were spent. For a little while all the magnificence of an Oriental court centered there. Orders were issued. Laws were made. Art, history, philosophy, religion, flowered there. Beautiful women adorned the great halls. Every provision was made for recreation, and even chess or pachisi was played in a magnificent court with slave girls to represent the pieces. Then the lights went out. The monarch moved away, the throng dissolved, and structures of priceless value were left for the jackal, the hyena, the vulture, the bat and the owl.

Straight out of Agra for twenty-three miles, a broad level highway bordered by trees leads to Fatehpur-Sikri. Grainfields and pastures are on each side, all dead and brown in this hot month of April toward the end of the dry season. But the trees along the road and in the pastures must find water, for they were beautifully green. And in the heat of the afternoon the cattle were all under the trees or wading in the few streams or pools. Bible pictures could be seen on every side. There were the women with their pitchers at the wells. There were the potters' wheels in the little villages of Midhakur and Kiraoli through which we passed. There were the patient camels trailing across the dusty plains. There were the oxen treading out the grain and natives tossing it in the air to be winnowed. And quaint milestones some twenty feet high dating from the days of Baber could still be seen along the roads, only instead of a mile they mark a "*kos*" or distance of two miles.

All at once, in the midst of barrenness and solitude, there rose up before us the red sandstone walls of the city to which we were journeying, perfect and solid as when first builded. Through a gateway, too narrow it seemed for motors, with a swerve along the road to the right we made our way out into the midst of Fatehpur-Sikri. Most of the buildings are ruined, some completely, others partially, but many of the most important are almost intact. On a hot afternoon we contented ourselves with only the great structures, looking at the others as we passed. Past the place where troops were quartered, past the mint and the treasury, as important then as now, past the great Hall of Public Audience, we came to the Hall of Private Audience, the pachisi court, the private quarters of the monarch, the harem, the university, the baths, the Great Mosque, the tombs, and the High Gateway.

Now, we ask ourselves, who is responsible for all this? The little guide book tells us it was Akbar, greatest of Mogul monarchs, and one of the most fascinating characters of history.

The Moguls, or Moghals, were Mohammedan rulers who invaded India from the north. As early as the thirteenth century the Afghans and other Mohammedan tribes began to come down and establish their kingdoms. Baber, the first man to whom we give the name Mogul, was a descendant of that Tamerlane the Terrible whom we studied about in European history. He, Baber, conquered the country around Agra in 1526. His son, the Emperor Humayun, fell down a flight of stone steps in the fort and broke his neck just as any of us might have done.

Then came Akbar. Now this was not so very long ago. Lucas says that there is nothing in the world to compare with Fatehpur-Sikri except Pompeii. "And in that comparison," he adds, "one realizes how impossible it is at a hazard to date an Indian ruin, for Fatehpur-Sikri is from the days of Queen Elizabeth, while Pompeii was destroyed in the first century. Yet Pompeii seems in many ways less ancient."

Akbar began Fatehpur-Sikri in 1569 and that was four years after the founding of St. Augustine, Florida.

In ancient times a little village of Sikri stood on the site of "the abandoned city," the home of humble stone cutters who worked in the neighboring sandstone quarries. Then a saint, Sheik Salim Chisti, retired there to live in a cave.

Akbar, who was childless, visited this saint, asking his prayers that he might have an heir. At

first he was repulsed, but finally was told to send his Hindu wife there. She made the pilgrimage and in due time gave birth to a son, Jahangir, the father of Shah Jehan, who built the Taj Mahal. In gratitude Akbar determined to build a city and make a capital on the spot where God had blessed him.

Now when all had been done and a great and populous city had been called into being, and Akbar had lived there some years, it is said that Saint Salim complained to the Emperor of the noise and intrusion, saying that either the Emperor must go elsewhere or he would. Whereupon the mighty Mogul monarch said, "Let it be your servant, I pray," picked up bag and baggage, wives and slaves, generals and soldiers, priests and scholars of all kinds, and moved back to Agra, leaving Fatehpur-Sikri to its fate.

The Britannica suggests one of the economic reasons, which to-day as then lie back of so many decisions: "After Akbar's death, Fatehpur-Sikri was deserted within fifty years of its foundation. The reason for this was that frequent cause in the East, lack of water. The only water obtainable was so brackish and corroding as to cause great mortality among the inhabitants." Newell says: "Toward the latter part of his long reign political reasons caused Akbar to abandon Fatehpur-Sikri and move back to Agra."

Sir Sidney Low adds: "Whatever the cause, there it stands, the most splendid and striking testimony to that capricious and irresponsible Eastern despotism which could use the lives, the labor, the destinies of men for its purposes and could at its will call rich and populous towns into being in the wilderness and drop them back into solitude and silence."

There is a beautiful little shrine or mosque in the quadrangle of the Great Mosque for Saint Salim, a little gem of white marble in the midst of the prevailing red sandstone. Beautiful fretwork screens and an exquisite canopy of shisham wood inlaid with mother of pearl hide the cenotaph. Women may not go inside, but round the outside of the tomb many small wisps of string and silk are twined in the trellis work by childless wives who have prayed to the Saint for help as Akbar's queen did nearly four hundred years ago. And it is said that even a few English women have twined a bit of ribbon there in the pathetic hope and desire which unites Mohammedan, Hindu and Christian women in one.

Those who take time to read the "Life of Akbar" will discover a statesman of surprising breadth and insight. All the lost dominions of the monarchy were recovered in his day, and, what was most amazing, were made contented. All the vexing questions of taxes were settled to yield huge revenues with much less extortion and hardship than had been practised. All the difficult problems involved in dealing with many races and many religions were settled in a spirit of toleration. He was himself a student and he patronized and supported men of learning.

In his receptive and open mind and in his wide sympathies he was like Roosevelt. Into his presence there came not only the statesmen and generals but the scholars. "He was an eager student of history, appreciating that its pages contain the most profitable lessons a ruler can learn." "Daily," wrote a contemporary, "some capable person reads to his majesty, who hears every book from beginning to end. There is hardly a work of science, of genius or of history but has been read to his majesty. He is never tired by repetition, but always listens with great avidity."

And it is said that he ate only one meal a day and gave but little time to sleep. All night his business went on, but musicians were admitted before dawn to bring rest and change.

Now back in the period when Bloody Mary was burning Protestants and Elizabeth coming down hard on Catholics and King James harrying Nonconformists out of his kingdom so that they had to fly to the bleak shores of New England, back when the Japanese were hurling missionaries off the high rocks or burning and crucifying them, when Mohammedans believed that they obtained favor by killing Christians and most Christians had little compunction about killing Mohammedans, an amazing thing happened here at Fatehpur-Sikri.

This Oriental despot, most of whose ancestors and successors murdered brothers or sons to clear them out of their way, made Fatehpur-Sikri a beacon fire of religious toleration. Fundamentally he was religious, deeply interested in spiritual matters, trained in the Mohammedan faith. But he started in to find out about all other faiths. He sent for the Christian missionaries of Goa, for the great Brahman leaders, for Buddhist priests, Jains or the second great reforming sect of Hindus, for Parsees and all the others, to hear what they had to say.

We visited the famous Ibadat Khana, or Hall of Worship, built around a mammoth central column. Here Akbar sat on Friday nights while the various doctors debated and disputed or wrestled with the incisive and searching questions Akbar asked them.

Finally he settled his own religious status by proclaiming a new religion made up of the best in all the faiths—belief in one Great God, acceptance of the highest truths in all the different faiths, insistence on a life of unselfishness and service.

Without careful study one dare not pass judgment on this faith, but it appears like modern and progressive Christianity—love of God and service of man as given by Jesus himself in the two Great Commandments.

He called it Divine Monotheism. Those who accepted it took off the turban, held it in the hollow of the hand, bowed the head upon the Emperor's feet and repeated these words: "I have cast away my presumption and selfishness, which were the cause of various evils, and am come a suppliant vowing to devote the remainder of my life in this world to the attainment of immortality."

Then Akbar, in his capacity of High Priest of the new faith, raised the suppliant and gave this benediction: "My prayers are addressed to Heaven on your behalf, that your efforts may bear you from seeming existence to real existence."

Thereafter, says Newell, "he was required to abstain from meat and annually to celebrate his birthday by feasting the poor and distributing alms."

In the midst of the superstitious and unclean practises of much (not all) Hinduism, this simple

religion of faith and works shines with a beautiful, pure light.

But Akbar did not insist on anybody accepting it. On the contrary, he made rigorous laws for tolerance. He gave Hindus absolute freedom of worship. He abolished taxes on pilgrims, which had been onerous. He abolished only barbarous religious practises like "trial by ordeal" and "burning widows against their will" as taught by the Brahmans.

Such measures gave him the title of Guardian of Mankind.

Now we understand what we heard about long ago—"a quotation from Jesus on the walls of a Mohammedan mosque."

That famous quotation is inscribed in Arabic above the grand entrance arch of the Buland Darwaza, or Gate of Victory, of the Cathedral Mosque at Fatehpur-Sikri.

"Said Jesus, on whom be peace, 'The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there. He who hopes for an hour hopes for an eternity. The world is but an hour. Spend it in devotion. The rest is unseen.' "

If this means insistence on a life of contemplation alone rather than a life of action most followers of Jesus will prefer the more familiar words: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." "I must be about my Father's business."

The verse, however, does accurately reflect those other passages of the gospel where Jesus tells us to lay not up for ourselves "treasures on earth," and where he goes off into the mountain and remains all night in prayer with God.

Full also of his spirit is another inscription on the great gate at Fatehpur-Sikri not ascribed to him: "He that standeth up in prayer and his heart is not in it, does not draw nigh to God but remaineth far from Him. Thy best possession is what thou givest in the name of God; thy best traffic in selling this world for the next."

Few more awe-inspiring views can be found than from the top of this long flight of magnificent steps under the arch of victory, looking off for miles over the plains of India. The scene is lonely and desolate.

Akbar has gone. His religion with no vital power back of it never spread beyond the limits of his court. But his example of toleration is remembered in India to-day.

Must I confess that considerable time which I might have spent in meditation in the Great Mosque or out on the magnificent steps or in the tomb of the Saint, I spent watching some almost naked natives jump from a height of eighty feet into a stone tank thirty feet deep? Such muscular control, such poise, such sang-froid, elicited my intense admiration. They were afraid of nothing but of not getting the rupee promised by our expert California photographer, whom we found out there that hot afternoon. One whom I saw jump was a powerfully built, deep-chested, strong-limbed young fellow of twenty-five or thirty. But another was old and slight. He had white hair and a stubby gray beard, but he was lithe and agile at sixty or sixty-five as an old panther. With what courage he jumped! With what poise he spread his legs wide apart, then closed them as he struck, with what terrific speed he shot by me, with what force he hit the surface of the pool and with what quickness he emerged, swam out, donned a garment and was up and about collecting from everybody! Brave old man! You may be a brigand and the son of a brigand. You may belong to the outcasts of this complicated Indian society. Perhaps you even tend dogs. But I give you unstinted praise. Long may you be spared. May the tourists be many and rupees pour in. And when your eye grows dim may you die in the green waters of the deep pool and not on a floor of cow dung in some plague-infested hut.

Many of our party left behind that afternoon in Agra drove out to Akbar's tomb five miles away at Sikandarah. Over the fields we saw its white minarets shining in the late afternoon sun, a mile or so away, as we came back to the city. But we did not pause, for we were going to the Taj Mahal at sunset.

Indian Ocean, Arabian Sea, April 26, 1923.

Representative Universalists

XIII Cordelia Adaline Quinby

THERE never was a more precious Christmas gift than the daughter, Cordelia Adaline, that came into the home of Ham and Margaret (Ames) Brooks on Christmas day, 1833, in Lewiston, Maine.

The eldest of twelve children, her childhood was that of the old-fashioned farm where the daughters helped indoors and outdoors as they were needed, and, having a mother who was a good all-around manager, the daughters were well trained in the helpful duties belonging to the home.

There was in this home the ambition to give the children as good an education as the environment afforded, the father teaching school in winter and taking the three eldest girls with him, driving five or six miles to his post of duty. That Cordelia improved this opportunity is well demonstrated by the fact that she began teaching school at the age of fourteen. It is no great wonder that she developed the leadership that has been so helpful to the Universalist Church. She has been "guide, counselor and friend" in all that these words imply.

Her grandfather Ames was a Calvinistic Baptist of the strictest kind, and, though she loved him dearly, his theology had no attraction for her. As he was a member of the family she had ample opportunity to learn his beliefs. Her grandfather Brooks was an earnest and loyal Universalist, and from his Bible stories of the love of the Father she received her early religious instruction, and at the age of sixteen united with our church in Auburn, Maine.

She continued teaching until her marriage to the Rev. George W. Quinby, March 19, 1861. She went with him as a bride to Middletown, Conn., wher

he was pastor. There were three little motherless children to greet her there and to need her care. And a dear mother she has been to them!

CORDELIA A. QUINBY

In 1862 Mr. Quinby bought the *Trumpet and Freeman,* our denominational paper published in Boston, and he accepted the call to Melrose. While he was there our Publishing House was established in Boston and bought the *Trumpet and Freeman.*

The *Gospel Banner,* published in Augusta, Maine, was for sale at this time and Mr. Quinby purchased it, and a new life opened for his wife, aiding him in his work on the paper, "mothering" the young people who worked in the office, several of whom were preparing for the ministry under his teaching, keeping open house to all the ministers passing through Augusta and caring for her family of six children, three of them her own. That home life was indeed a happy one. And still this great-hearted woman had time for good works outside, in the W. C. T. U. and in the State Hospital for the Insane. In 1875 she was appointed by Governor Dingley as monthly visitor to that institution and for six years fulfilled this duty, and then was elected a member of the State Board and served three years more. Her greatest achievement while in this humanitarian work was to secure the appointment of a woman physician for the insane women.

The death of Dr. Quinby obliged her to relinquish this work, as her whole time was needed in the greater responsibility of caring for the children and the business. She remained in Augusta seven more years.

At the time of the organization of our Women's National Association she was given charge of the state of Maine, to instruct and to lead the Universalist women into the larger sisterhood. And so well did she fulfil her duty that she was elected our National President, serving eleven years, from 1891 to 1902. Her gracious manner and sweet reasonableness won new members to our cause, making them realize that she was working for her Church and their Church, believing it was progressive work in the service of humanity.

She is "Sister Quinby" to many, "Mother Quinby" to many more, but, above all, she is honorary president of our Women's National Missionary Association. A dear friend of hers says:

> "The Christmas child is the happiest child
> That ever has mortal birth.
> . . . . . .
> A life of perpetual service,
> Of friendships many and true,
> A life patterned after the Christ life,
> That little child was you."

And this faithful leader and dear friend will be ninety years young next Christmas day.

New Thought Literature

L. O. Williams

WE say "New Thought" because we have nothing better to say. If we say "Mysticism" we throw ourselves open to the charge of mistiness on the one hand or meaningless emotionalism on the other. The word "Idealism" is not much better, for it moves too much in the realm of pure ideas and too little on the level of actual experience to satisfy the scientific temper of our time. The phrase "Spiritual Renaissance" too much emphasizes the religious aspect of the movement for the hard-headed man of affairs. Most of us today demand some science with our religion, some clearly defined and demonstrable fact with our faith.

Nor is the difficulty much relieved by a resort to more specific terms. Such expressions as "Mind Cure," "Mental Healing," "Psychotherapy," and even "Divine Healing," center on a single feature of a drift which includes not only physical health but the whole range of human welfare. The word "Psychology" is no more satisfactory—not even when we strengthen it with the adjective "New." In spite of the rapid popularization of the subject, psychology is still associated with the abnormal. For the average man of fifty, psychology in its practical aspects is still an unexplored region. Even in its latest forms and largest reach it is too closely confined to the laboratory to cover all we mean by the words "New Thought." May we then expect the indulgence of the critical reader for our use of so vague a description of a literature which is assuming such large proportions in our modern world?

The literature itself is protean and it is not all new. Much of the New Testament, Plato and Plotinus, the teachings of the Alexandrine Schools, St.

Francis of Assisi and the German Mystics, the Friends and in a measure the early Methodists, are a few of the sources of New Thought centuries before we ever heard the name. Emerson, Tennyson, Browning, in a century of doubt and change, many a Scotchman of light and leading like John Caird, George Matheson, and Carlyle, many a Liberal of the inner vision in a day of external stress, have spoken in terms hard to distinguish from New Thought postulates. Indeed, if all the literature issuing from New Thought centers in the last thirty years should be destroyed, its place could be filled so far as essentials are concerned from older sources of the highest authority. In fact it is the lack of familiarity with this literature which gives to the modern movement so much of the appearance of the new and strange, which is the root of so much of the prejudice against it.

Yet the returning emphasis on the things of the Spirit represented by the New Thought as a whole has been the motive for a department of literature which can not be ignored. For the most part this literature is specific, often technical but predominantly popular, and largely directed to practical ends. In the main it is in small volumes, much of it privately printed, and with little literary pretense. It is a small fraction of it that can command the unqualified respect of trained readers, only now and then a book that can be read through to the end. It is liable to be esoteric, belonging to some particular teacher or cult rather than to the public at large. Without a guide the real student is more likely to turn away disgusted than to persevere with his task. Indeed, it is a question whether the exponents of the movement may not as often be counted foes as friends. Still this literature is not all chaff. Read conservatively and with discrimination there is enough here to encourage the man who is looking for an interpretation of life which is less materialistic and more spiritual than the one which has prevailed the last fifty years.

The number of books in the field runs into the thousands, but the wise reader will limit his list to a dozen. He will do well to begin with three or four standard works on psychology not more than three years old. For this purpose Woodworth of Columdia, published by Holt, Givler of Tufts, issued by Harper, or Warren's "Human Psychology," lately from the Houghton Press, are as good as anything available. Of these one at least should be thoroughly mastered as a setting and background for all subsequent work. Follow these, in the order given, with Pierce's "Our Unconscious Mind," from the Duttons, "The New Psychology," by Tansley, issued by Dodd, "The Foundations of Psychology," by Jared Sparks Moore, from the Princeton Press, and Dewey's "Human Nature and Conduct," from Holt. These books are standard and a necessary minimum to the man who aspires to an intelligent application of psychology to himself or to others. Moreover, they contain all that is necessary as introduction to psycho-analysis, which should be thought of only after long experience and rigorous training in mental work. Freud is not for the beginner.

Perhaps we should add by way of emphasis that these books are selected with much care. They represent a consensus of opinion by psychologists of many schools. They are the result of a sifting process carried on for several years in one of our large libraries and by persons familiar with the subject and field. The aim is to avoid the half-baked and irresponsible, to encourage ways of thought and attitudes of mind which open new doors on social and religious life as well as on physical well-being, to provide a culture and a discipline without which the minister is unfitted for his task. Other books there are—some of them, perhaps, just as good—but from long contact with all classes and conditions of the literature of the movement we believe that the books above mentioned come as near to a satisfactory introduction to the subject as is likely to be found at the present time. At any rate the man who reads them with care will be in a position to be his own guide in any further advance he may care to make along these lines.

Thus grounded, we may proceed to an acquaintance with the more popular as well as more distinctly religious aspects of the movement. Here the books are legion, but we shall make no mistake in beginning with "The New Philosophy of Life," by J. Herman Randall. For the beginner, both lay and clerical, the book is without a peer. This may be followed with "Modern Mysticism," by John Wright Buckham of the University of California, with "Religion and Medicine," by Worcester and McComb, and with "Outwitting Our Nerves," by Drs. Jackson and Spaulding—the last two, especially, laying the foundations for a union of science and religion. Dr. Richard Cabot's little book "What Men Live By" is richly suggestive along these lines. Evelyn Underhill's "The Mystic Way" is well worth the while for the mystically inclined, but it should be followed by the equally able criticism of the book by E. Herman, issued from Oxford. Nor should we overlook the lectures before the Yale Divinity School by George Malcomb Stratton of the University of California on "Anger" and its significance for religion. Indeed, the Pacific Coast schools are worthy of special attention in their efforts to reconstruct religion on a modern basis. We have already mentioned Buckham and there are others who are catching the new spirit in theology.

In this it will be noted that we are making slight use of the books which we see in every book shop and in almost every library of any account by the score. We ignore the Dressers and the Pattersons, the Larsens and the Mardens, the Fillmores and the Divine Science group, periodicals like the *Nautilus* and *Unity*, not because they do not hold an important place in the movement, but because the Church which is to make headway in this direction must rest on foundations less open to the attacks of science and more in keeping with the great drift of academic thought. Moreover, books of this kind are to be read only after the more responsible books have been assimilated, and then—perhaps they will not be read at all. At any rate few first-class libraries venture to place them on their most accessible shelves.

We wish we could suggest a more satisfactory list for psychology and religion as applied to the relief of human ills. Here is the weakest spot in the whole field. But for the man who insists on mental healing without a preliminary training nothing is

better than Dr. Perin's manual, recently issued by Doran. Another book of great merit is Dr. Cabot's "Handbook of Medicine" for nurses and social workers. There are dozens of books on suggestion, but no one better than the one by Charles Baudouin of the Nancy School which contains the fundamentals on which Coue rests. There is "Mind and Health" by Weaver, with an introduction by G. Stanley Hall, which every minister should read. It covers the whole field in a systematic way and with a scientific purpose. The spiritual healer, however, must depend on his own skill developed through familiarity with the mental and spiritual facts of human nature as well as through actual experience for his success. His own personality is his greatest asset as a minister to sinning and suffering humanity.

Contrary to the common impression, the best books in the field come from the medical men. They are not all materialists, neither are they all wedded to drugs and surgery. We have never had the least difficulty in sympathetic co-operation with them, and it is to them far more than to the theologians that we are indebted for inspiration and suggestion. Schofield and Paul DuBois, the great pioneers like Charcot and Bernheim, William James, who was a doctor before he was a psychologist, are names to be recognized at once. But we must not forget that these men have worthy successors. Hardly a week passes that we do not have some new book by a doctor dealing with the significance of mind in the battle with disease, with morals and religious faith as a factor in sound health and physical efficiency. King's victory over tuberculosis through mental and moral means, Gehring's "Hope of the Variant," just out from Scribner's, and a dozen others of like vision from the fields of modern medicine by men who are learning to minister to the diseased in spiritual ways easily come to mind. We hope that our materialists, if there are any left, will read that book by L. P. Haldane of Oxford, the physiologist with no superior, who contends that medical science itself is at a standstill without the recognition of mind as a causal factor in health and disease. It is not only the ministry that is seeing visions and dreaming dreams. The doctor is a good second if not a first, in this great movement for a better and a happier world.

If we had time we should be glad to indicate some of the special books in this field which are appearing from time to time. Books on advertising, salesmanship, child training, home making, education, and choice of vocation, but hint the practical form the movement is taking. The psychology of society, of the mob, of politics, of statesmanship, of industry and trade, of war, of the nation, are some of the phrases which show how radical and far reaching the movement has become. In our day ethics, religion, conversion, brotherhood, preaching, teaching, living together, appear as psychological treatises. We see, then, how impossible it is to give anything more than the barest outline and suggestion for a literature so vast and still in the making. Yet our dozen has become twenty-five.

Church Union in Canada

THE story goes that a quarter century back the Methodist farmers and the Presbyterian farmers, in the country surrounding a little Canadian prairie town, got together and built a shed for the common shelter of their horses and vehicles midway between their two churches. This simple, effective and money-saving arrangement set some of them thinking. "If," said one, "we can agree to stable our horses beneath a single roof when we come to town on a Sunday for worship why should we not meet together to pray?" Not logic, perhaps, but hard-headed common sense.

The community church arose and a movement began which for twenty years has been gathering impetus, taking shape, and now issues in the impending union of the great Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational denominations as "The United Church of Canada."

All three bodies, constituting the preponderance of Canadian Protestantism, have agreed to federate. Methodists and Congregationalists were first to reach agreement. Their Presbyterian brethren, with that caution and tenacity which mark the Scot and his descendants, took longer to decide, but the followers of Wesley and the champions of religious independence waited patiently while the adherents of John Knox and the Westminster Confession debated their way to what is as nearly a unanimous position as they might be expected to reach. By an overwhelming majority the General Assembly of the Canadian Presbyterian Church voted a few weeks ago to "proceed forthwith" in the work of consummating union.

Such an amalgamation as this can not be brought about, even when agreement exists, without much adjustment or mechanism. Property rights are involved. Delicate legal points must be considered. An act of Parliament is necessary to straighten out such matters and to give the united Church unchallenged standing. But these details have been thoroughly discussed and the way to deal with them carefully planned by the ablest legal minds in the three denominations. The bill of union is drafted. Its enactment is assured. Another year at most will see three great dividing walls of sectarianism thrown down.

It is interesting and encouraging to note that this merger overcomes the once stoutly maintained barriers of both doctrine and polity. Presbyterian Calvinism and Methodist Arminianism, predestination and free will, join hands of brotherhood. In the essentials of Christian faith and the imperative call to more effective service they have discovered a common denominator which is big enough to include their doctrinal differences.

In like manner differences of ecclesiastical polity have been surmounted. Here Methodists and Presbyterians found less to separate them. In Canada the Methodist Church is not episcopal, and those two denominations had much in common from the standpoint of government. But Congregationalism, with its independence, had to make concession in order

that a halfway meeting place with its bigger denominational brothers might be found.

All these matters have been threshed out by committees, discussed in assemblies, conferences and conventions, and on all of them the way has been found to common understanding. A statement of faith has been accepted by the three bodies. In it evangelicalism finds expression in terms to which a liberal mind of evangelical belief can give assent.

To us all this appears a great and hopeful achievement. Who can question the value of such testimony that the truths which unite are mightier than the creedal differences which have so long divided? Here emphasis is put on the real fundamentalism—the fundamentalism which strips the dogma of opinion from the body of belief; which confesses that the trappings in which faith has been decked are of small importance as compared with the vital fact of faith itself. The world needs such testimony. The appeal of religion will be vastly more persuasive when it speaks without sectarian twang.

From the practical standpoint it is evident that this merger means an immense gain in economy and efficiency. It will contribute much to end the evil of over-churching, duplication of plants and rivalries in small towns and mission fields. It will conserve financial and human resources for use where need is greatest. There will be fewer starved churches and starving preachers. The problem of religious education will be simplified. Higher standards will be possible. It will take time to realize these advantages, but they are clearly in sight.

In the great battle to win the world to God's program the spiritual strategists of these Canadian Churches have shown themselves examples to the denominations everywhere. Nor may praise be withheld justly from the rank and file, without whose loyal and progressive spirit nothing could have been accomplished. There are dissentients, of course. The Presbyterians have more than the others, and last ditchers make solemn covenant that the Presbyterian Church shall survive. That is human. But the union movement goes forward. It can not be halted now.—*Editorial in Indianapolis Star, July* 15.

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EGGS

A Vacation Sermon in the Atlanta Liberal Christian Church, by Ernest J. Bowden, Pastor

"Make your mind a nest for sweet thoughts."—*John Ruskin.*

ONE of the most beautiful products of Nature's handicraft is a bird's nest, wonderfully constructed, delicately lined, a fit setting for the eggs which bear in their fragile envelope the promise of future melody.

Our thoughts are eggs, and our minds the nests in which they hatch. In one respect they are more like the spawning ground of a cod than the nest of a bird, for their eggs must be numbered by millions. But the essential point in our comparison is that eggs hatch; so with thoughts. The eggs hatch into birds or fish; our thoughts into words, deeds, and feelings.

But some eggs hatch snakes and alligators, each according to its nature. Here again our parable is very suggestive. Good thoughts hatch good deeds; evil thoughts hatch deeds and feelings after their kind.

I have often been surprised at the deadly power of evil thoughts. I have watched people nursing them day by day as a bird cares for her nest. Suddenly they hatch into a whole brood of reptiles—words, deeds, and feelings, charged with the most hateful venom. Fortunately this power for evil is offset by an equal power for good. The thoughts of a single good man, as of Jesus or Socrates, may go on hatching successive broods of good deeds for many generations.

"Make your mind a nest for sweet thoughts." This was the advice of John Ruskin. "Sweet" here means "wholesome," not "sugary." Mental candies, like their material prototpyes, may be bad for the digestion.

Where shall we get our sweet thoughts? The world is full of them. Nature, books, art, daily life—each offers an infinite variety. No stint anywhere. Choose your eggs, and see that they are kept warm by reflection and prayer. The brood that is hatched will repay your labor.

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REASONABLE PREPAREDNESS AND ADEQUATE PREPAREDNESS

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

We might as well marshal our forces to meet the armies of ancient Babylon as to prepare for a contest with avowed militarists. That breed of individuals has long ago become practically extinct. The men who are being denounced as militarists are almost all avowed champions of peace. Many of them are members of peace societies.

Outside the ranks of out-and-out pacifism the champions of peace are divided into two camps—those who believe in "reasonable" preparedness and those who advocate "adequate" preparedness. The latter class are those who are denounced as militarists.

It seems to me that we do a great wrong to this class of our citizens in attributing to them sentiments and purposes hostile to the peace of the world. The vast majority of them are sincere lovers of peace without the faith and the viewpoint of the pacifist. The program which they advocate is intended to give peace and a sense of security.

The other wing of the preparedness party aims to hold a middle ground, a happy medium between the complete disarmament of the pacifist and the complete preparedness of the so-called militarist. He does not consider that in this, as in many other things, there is no such thing as a safe middle way. There is no *via media* between God and Mammon, between Christ and Caesar, any more than there is a middle way between the prohibitionists and the antis.

The only logical preparedness is a complete preparedness. If we must rely upon force to defend us and to settle our disputes then it is the part of wisdom to be ready to employ major force. I spent some time out on the Montana frontier when it was wild and woolly and when "gun-toting" was common. It was a maxim then that if a man "toted" a gun he should first see that it was a good gun, as good as the other fellow was able to get hold of, and that he should feel reasonably sure of being able to get it into action a little bit ahead of the other. I very seldom heard of

an unarmed man being shot. I have known of several who were shot "in justifiable defense" because the defendant swore that he saw the deceased reach for his gun-pocket. The coroner's jury usually felt that a man who made awkward movements for his gun without judgment in the matter deserved to be shot. We would hardly consider it a wise way to settle the feuds among the mountaineers of the South by advising limitation of armament—reasonable preparedness, reducing the quality and the cost of their weapons.

We see this illustrated in the Washington Arms Conference. All are ready to scrap what is costly and useless. France will not give up the most deadly weapon—the submarine—because it is effective. None of them will give up air-craft and chemical warfare. Why? Because they are the weapons of the next war. If they did promise they would not be sincere. If we are going to be prepared for force we must be prepared for what the other fellow has up his sleeve and be ready to use it before he does. But I can not imagine Jesus advising us to use either "reasonable" or "adequate preparedness."

Ernest M. W. Smith.

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THREE MILLION DOLLARS FOR TUFTS COLLEGE

TUFTS COLLEGE gets more than $3,000,000 in the will of Austin B. Fletcher, corporation lawyer, who lived at the Metropolitan Club and died on July 5. While the petition accompanying the will states that the value of the estate is "more than $100,000 in personal property," the total was estimated at between $3,000,000 and $5,000,000 by Sanford A. Crummey, an attorney of 16 Broadway, who filed the will.

Mr. Fletcher made one gift of $1,000,000 for the establishment and maintenance of a school to be known as the "Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy." A further gift of $500,000 is left to establish five professorships to be known as the "Fletcher Professorships of Oratory, English Literature, Rhetoric and Debate, Philosophy, and Music." A further gift of $50,000, consisting of a trust fund now held for Mr. Fletcher by the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, is to be used for the endowment of the "Henry J. Braker Professorship of Commercial Law." The college is also made the residuary legatee, which increases the total share received by the college to more than $3,000,000.

Other public gifts by Mr. Fletcher were: First Universalist Society of Franklin, Mass., $10,000 for the relief of the poor of the town, to be known as the "Harriet E. Fletcher and Hortense F. Fletcher Fund;" Taft Library, Mendon, Mass., $5,000, to be used in buying books, and to be known as the "Fletcher Fund;" Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., $10,000, to aid deserving young men and women to get an education, and $50,000 to the town of Franklin to use the income for the permanent adornment of the town.

The will gives the town of Franklin $100,000 to establish a hospital, and says, "It is my will that this hospital shall be open to all under such terms and conditions as the Board of Directors shall deem wise and proper, and that it shall be controlled by members or attendants of Protestant churches."

The petition accompanying the will states that Mr. Fletcher left several cousins, but they are not mentioned. A trust fund of $30,000 is established for his sisters-in-law, Helen E. Follett, Ada M. Follett and Catherine J. Follett of Sheldonville, Mass. They also get personal effects left by Mr. Fletcher, including his books.

Boston University will receive an amount that will complete a gift of $100,000, part of which Mr. Fletcher gave in his lifetime. This bequest is to be used to maintain a professorship of law and the rest to be lent to "worthy students of character and ability," who are to pay a low rate of interest.—*New York Times.*

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THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Our Own Noise

THERE is a certain City that hath a Brass Band. And the men who play in that Band wear Loud Uniforms and play skillfully upon Loud Instruments. For there are those among them who Screw their faces into the small end of an E Flat Cornet, and others who Puff Out their Red Cheeks and play Tubas, and others who Punish the Drums.

Now upon a Certain day the Band was out in all its Glory. And it came to pass that I rode through that City upon a Fast Train. And just as we hit that Burg the Band came Marching down Main Street, and every player's Chest stuck out the length of a Cubit and they all knew that that town expected every man to do his Duty.

But so far as I was concerned, they walked in a vain show, and were Disquieted in Vain. For we were making so much Noise with our Own Wheels and Whistle and Bell that the Musick of the Band meant nothing in our Sweet Young Life.

Now in this particular incident it may have been to our profit that we heard the Noise of the Train and not the Musick, thereby of Two Evils choosing the Less. But it is not a safe bet that a man can always profit by this method of going through the world.

For I have known some men who might possibly pick up a little knowledge as they go through the world if they were not so everlastingly interested in listening to the Buzzing of their Own Wheels. And I know of men who have been able to pick up a good deal of useful information by listening to men who had not sense enough to keep their own mouths shut.

Along Life's Highway there be Birds that sing, and Brooks that laugh their way over the stones, and many and sweet sounds that gladden the ear; but he hath little good of them who is forever making a racket himself.

There was once a time when God spake unto men, and if it be not so at this day, then of a surety it is not because God hath become dumb. But where shall God find men who are not deafened by their own Noise so that they hear not the sweet breathings of the Spirit of the Most High?

Wherefore, beloved, speak, but listen also; Make as much noise as is necessary to enable thee to move on, but deafen not the inner ear of thy soul to Life's finer melodies.

"REVEREND SMITH"

A Southern contemporary uncorks and pours forth the vials of its wrath upon all and sundry who use or countenance that uncouth, barbarous locution, "Reverend Smith." Our indignant contemporary is right. We join in the criticism and protest. We cast our oyster-shell in favor of the ostracism of this outlaw. Anxious saints and sneering sinners are from time to time asking "What's wrong with the ministry?" and for the most part, like jesting Pilate, they will not stay for an answer. The worst scandal we know against the ministry is that its members allow themselves to be called "Rev. Smith" and never breathe a protest. They ought to fight it to the last ditch; by a strike if necessary—a silence strike, if one only knew whether the community would not be too much pleased by their silence, or a hunger-strike, only, of course, that would be no novelty for some of them, or by more vigorous demonstration. The next time the ex-member of the legislature who is now editing the Crossroads Courier prints such an item as this: "Rev. Smith of the Methodist church is a booster for the chamber of commerce. Keep up the good work, reverend"—let the too-long-patient pastor parry thus: "Go to, Honorable Hotchkiss. Am I not a man like unto you? Have I not organs, members, and initials as other men? If you tickle me, do I not laugh? If you cut me, do I not bleed? If with a reverend title you irreverently embellish my cognomen after feloniously depriving it of its rightful alphabetical antecedents, do I not feel as foolish as you sound? Go to, honorable. Reverend me no reverends unless you can also initial me some initials."

We have long intended to launch a drive against this abominable usage—or misusage, or abusage—but insistent trivialities such as the Russian situation and the league have diverted our attention and monopolized our space from week to week until our southern friend, sharing our indignation, has anticipated us in beating the gong of revolt. But we are not like Cicero, who would never follow anything that other men began, and we will enlist under his flag rather than organize a separate crusade.

One of our highest authorities on the English language and literature has told us that the man of culture must be learned in the lineage, ancestry, and heraldry of words and phrases. Very well. What are the forebears and antecedents of this vile perversion of language? Two generations ago a humorist and satirist wrote a series of sketches of a negro community in which the most conspicuous and least admirable character was a colored parson, a shovel-footed, stoop-shouldered, flat-chested, flap-eared, white-livered, chicken-stealing individual designated as "Reverend Johnsing." This phrase, so far as we know, is the first progenitor of all the "Reverend Blacks" and "Reverend Browns" that have appeared from that day to this in the rural, and occasionally, as we admit with shame, the metropolitan, press. "You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will cling to it still." And still the aroma of this unsaintly character clings to the phrase which was invented to describe him, and when the editor refers to us as "Rev. Blank," we cherish dark thoughts: Thinks we have been filching from the missionary box, does he, or robbing hen-roosts on the way home from our appointment? An illogical conclusion perhaps, but why try to overcome the force of association when the structure of the phrase is as indefensible as its associations are disreputable?

If the reader is by now convinced that we are desperately in earnest about this matter, he will doubtless wish to know what he may say without giving offense. To begin with, you can no more call the preacher "Reverend Smith" than you can call the congressman "Honorable Jones." You can call him "Reverend Jeremiah H. Smith," or "Rev. Dr. Smith," or, if he is not a doctor, and if you do not feel authorized to confer a doctorate upon him offhand (as, of course, most people do) and if you do not know his initials, you may call him "Rev. Mr. Smith." You may call the mayor "Hon. T. Jefferson Jenkins," but it is reserved for the Japanese school boy to say "Honorable Jenkins." You can say "Col. A. B. Robinson," or "Col. Robinson," or "Good morning, colonel;" but you can not say, "How do you do, honorable," or "Come in, reverend."

Complicated? No, not very. It seems painfully academic to suggest it, but the main thing is to consider the difference between nouns and adjectives. Most titles are nouns, as senator, general, mayor, doctor, mister; and these may be used before a surname with or without initials, or (except mister) they may be used without the name. Honorable and reverend are adjectives; they can neither stand alone as titles nor be used with a surname without intervening initials or noun-title.

We trust that we have made clear this little matter of grammar. Whether we have or not, we want this one thing to be unmistakable: "Rev. Smith" is taboo in this office. Tolerant as we are by custom and conviction, we can hold no fellowship with this miscreant. We accuse and convict him of heresy, malfeasance in office, conduct unbecoming the profession, evil associations, incivility, and general incompetence. *A bas* "Reverend Smith!"—*Christian Century.*

* * *

REPARATIONS AND DEBTS

J. St. Loe Strachey

We are very near disaster. If the French Government maintain and develop their present policy, there can be no settlement of the economic or the political crisis in Europe. The world, like a ship with her steering-gear destroyed, will drift before the storm of hate and fear, and of revenge cherished like a religion, till all is lost.

What aggravates so greatly the pains of our anxiety is that their cause is utterly unnecessary. We are almost as near safety as we are to disaster. A little sanity, a little courage, a little concern in man's duty to his fellows, a little remembrance of the fact that those who try to exact the uttermost farthing and demand their pound of flesh at all costs never succeed, is all that is wanted to save us.

Humanity is so closely knit that you can not injure your neighbor without hurting yourself. But it is also so closely knit that you can not help one part without helping the whole. To cure your neighbor is to cure yourself. The healing hand of time; the astonishing strength and toughness of society, the elasticity of men's minds and bodies—in fine, the natural facility of recuperation implanted in all things human—have prepared the world for a rapid and complete reconstruction.

All that is wanted is good will and credit, in the moral as well as in the material sphere. An honest faith in the future is enough to set the wheels moving, as we see by what is happening in Austria. There was war-stricken Europe at its worst. Yet prosperity is returning because men have regained Faith, Hope, and the knowledge that Love and Charity still walk the earth.

In sober truth, Europe is "standing by" to restart the vast machinery of trade and exchange, and so of civilization—material, moral, and intellectual. Only let the mandatory word be given and once more the vast cranks and axles will revolve in answer to the million impulses of mankind. In a year or two we should have cleared away the ruins of the war and forgotten it in a flood of prosperity and enterprise and discovery.

But, alas, France persists in forbidding the world's renewal of her youth and her happiness. France has only to snap a thread, or to speak a word, to break the spell which now binds Europe, in order to see mankind rise like a liberated giant and strike with his mighty hammer on the anvils of Industry and Commerce.

What is it that keeps France from saying the creating word, the "let there be light" for which we all yearn? The answer can not but sound harsh, but since it is true it must be given. Yet at the same time none must forget what wrongs and what miseries France has endured.

It is Fear, it is the inability to forget, it is the unwillingness to forgive. She can not wash away the past, its tears and errors, to think only of the future. She will not learn that whether we like it or not, and whether in the abstract they deserve it or not, we have got to treat our enemies as beneficently as our friends. There is the curse.

Till France can change her spirit, Europe can not recover. So long as we do not treat our friends worse, they have no more

right to complain than the workers in the vineyard. Here, indeed, is the greatest of all political and social lessons. There is of grace and mercy an inexhaustible store. It is infinite. It can not be reduced by being drawn on. We receive that which we give. If we will give nothing, nothing can be ours.

If France is afraid to forgive her enemies lest she should not keep the extreme rights to which she is nominally entitled, she will ruin us all and herself first.

The Eternal Court of Equity forbids a cruel and pedantic exercise of legal rights. Power she has no doubt got, or fancies she has got. But Power, as the reeling satyrs of world-politics who ruled at Potsdam before the war learned too late, and in such awful terms, is the great demoralizer, the Prince of Ruin, and of Pain. Those who, in effect, tell France that she has got the right to hunt her foes to death, to avail herself of the opportunity of revenge, and to keep her foot on the neck of her enemy, are playing the Devil's game. If they persist, the word which would set the world free will never be spoken.

France has it in her power to save us and herself, or to ban us and herself. Will she, even at the eleventh hour, remember herself, and give us salvation?

If, in her blindness, she refuses, she will call up unknown, and at the moment unknowable, forces of resistance in Germany. She will break the social atom and let loose elements of awful potency. These new forces will be almost wholly malign, like all things that come from the sense of despair. They will also be a thousand times more recklessly destructive than those which France is now setting in motion.

There is a rapid *crescendo* in actions which violate the common sense of Justice and of Mercy. They will be those forces of madness and of moral eclipse of which the histories of revolutions afford us such evil examples—forces which reduce men to the level of the beast in violence, but maintain men's ingenuity and subtlety in the arts of destruction.

But it is useless to speak only in general terms. In such a situation as the present we must be specific if we are to be of service. In a sense nothing is easier than to save the world—provided that faith and good will are not wanting.

An excellent method of securing that economic settlement which is the *sine qua non* of our relief is set forth in the letter in Tuesday's *Times* signed by two eminent English bankers, Mr. Walter Leaf and Sir Felix Schuster. In it they expound in full the admirable resolution passed by the Congress held in Rome last March by the International Chamber of Commerce.

Our readers may remember our call for the setting up of an International Commission and Clearing House for the joint settlement of reparations and debts. It is, in effect, such a scheme that the International Chamber of Commerce proposes in carefully thought out terms, and we advise all who want guidance on the problem of the hour to study very carefully the full text. The proposed plan will, we are convinced, obtain the general support of those who master its terms.

The resolution ends with a declaration that the International Chamber of Commerce will stand by ready to lend the Governments of Europe every assistance that can be required. Here are the actual words, and with them we may fitly conclude. *Once obtain an economic settlement, and the political and moral settlement is bound to follow.*

"The International Chamber of Commerce believes that a general economic conference of the nations interested for the final adjustment of these problems is essential and inevitable. This Chamber fully recognizes that it would be inopportune now to propose any suggestions for the settlement of the present situation which exists between the Allied nations and Germany.

"Yet, believing that at the proper time Governments may wish to avail themselves of the practical experience of the business man of the several countries, this Chamber agrees to hold itself in readiness to render to the interested nations such assistance as may be desired.

"Meanwhile, the International Chamber of Commerce will undertake to promote among the business men, on whose behalf it speaks, continued careful study of all the elements in the international financial problems here reviewed, and it urges upon its members, as well as the Government, the serious consideration of the suggestions herewith respectfully offered.

"Therefore be it resolved that the Council be and hereby is instructed to appoint such committees and to take such action as may be necessary to make effective the purposes herein set forth."—*An Editorial in the Spectator (London).*

* * *

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES

The National Council of Congregational Churches which meets at Springfield Oct. 16-23, will bring together leaders from all parts of the country. It is expected that at least 2,000 visitors will come to Springfield for the meetings. In addition to the addresses which will be given by leading men and women of several denominations, there will be reports of the various commissions which have been making a close study of some of the questions before us as a people. Among these are the Commismission on Social Service, which will discuss how the Church may best help in solving some of the hard problems in the industrial world, the Commission on Evangelism, which will report two years of fruitful labor in strengthening the spiritual life of the churches and which will present a forward movement plan for the next year. The Commission on Comity, Co-operation and Federation will bring a report concerning the growing movement towards Church Unity and will suggest what can be done by the Churches now to hasten closer co-operation and eventual unity.

Among the many questions that will be discussed at the meeting are: the form of missionary promotion the Churches desire, the development of the spiritual resources of the Church, the part the Churches should take in industrial problems, the use of advertising in the Church; the place of women as religious leaders, better methods of religious education, law enforcement, the World Court, the Near East situation, Church unity, the press and international relations.

One of the most interesting features will be the report of the secretary, the Rev. Charles E. Burton, D. D., who will report that the denomination has completed the best biennium in its history. The denomination has gained more members, given more to missions, paid larger salaries to pastors and other employees of the Church and put more money into church buildings than in any like period in its history.

The denomination now has about 6,000 churches and 5,600 ministers, of whom about 4,000 give full time to their ministerial duties. There are 858,000 members, or an average of 143 per church. There are more than sixty churches with a membership of over 1,000 each, the largest being the Tompkins Ave. Church, Brooklyn, with a membership of 3,563.

During the past year 73,000 people joined Congregational churches. This is an average of 1,400 per Sunday. If the people joining the church every Sunday in the year were lined up in a column, military fashion, they would make a procession a mile and a half in length.

The gifts to missions and other benevolent objects were over $5,000,000 and the sum paid to pastors was over $7,000,000. The average salary paid pastors during the year exclusive of use of parsonage was $1,778. The total amount of money given through the churches for home support and missions was over $22,000,000, an average contribution for each man, woman and child of $27.50. The amount invested in church property increased to $125,000,000. That is each member had a per capita equity in the property of the denomination of $150.

The election of the moderator, which takes place in the first session, is an event of very great interest. If the usual custom is followed the new moderator will be a layman, as the retiring moderator is the Rev. William E. Barton, D. D., pastor of First Church, Oak Park, Ill. Some names have been mentioned, notably, Mr. Henry K. Hyde of Massachusetts, Mr. W. W. Mills of Ohio and Mr. Henry M. Pflager of Missouri.

FOR SUFFOLK AND OTHER GOOD CAUSES

The Sunday Schools Manifest a Growing Interest in the American Work of the General Convention

It seems but a little while ago that the Sunday schools were giving but four hundred and fifty dollars a year for Suffolk—in fact it is not long since they were giving nothing at all. They have increased their offerings year by year until now, since last October, they have given almost fifteen hundred dollars. Manifestly they will pass that mark before the year is up.

Our fears that if the International offering were set for November and the Philanthropic offering were set for December, the American offering, coming in February, would meet with scant interest and response, were entirely groundless. For last year showed a gain of three hundred dollars and this year will show one of two hundred more. The "Comprehensive Plan" is a good one.

All the contributions listed below have been or will be turned over to the General Convention, which will pay one thousand dollars to the Suffolk Normal Training School (Dr. Jordan's), and will use the rest for any of its missionary work in our own land.

Assinippi, Mass.	$ 1.10
Albion, N. Y.	12.58
Avon, Ill.	7.27
Anderson, Ind.	3.26
Akron, O.	10.00
Attica, O.	2.50
Attleboro, Mass.	18.54
Annisquam, Mass.	8.98
Augusta, Me.	10.00
Arlington, Mass.	15.00
Bridgeport, Conn.	6.00
Bristol, N. Y.	6.26
Brattleboro, Vt.	7.50
Beverly, Mass.	6.67
Brooklyn, N. Y., Our Father	5.00
Bangor, Me.	25.00
Brunswick, Me.	4.96
Belpre, O.	10.00
Brookline, Mass.	5.00
Binghamton, N. Y.	6.00
Barre, Vt.	8.50
Bellows Falls, Vt.	4.00
Brooklyn, Penn.	2.25
Clinton, Ill.	5.00
Canton, N. Y.	13.13
Cooperstown, N. Y.	4.07
Canandaigua, N. Y.	7.00
Concord, Mich.	6.50
Cortland, N. Y.	3.50
Claremont, N. H.	8.02
Chicago, Ill., St. Paul's	16.65
Concord, N. H.	8.00
Columbus, Ohio	15.00
Cleveland, Ohio	12.17
Central Square, N. Y.	10.70
Canton, Me.	4.00
Cambridge, Mass., First	10.00
Crofton, Ky.	3.30
Canton, Mass.	5.00
Dexter, Me.	4.00
Danbury, Conn.	5.00
Dolgeville, N. Y.	10.29
Detroit, Mich.	38.11
East Aurora, N. Y.	4.35
Eaton, Ohio	4.00
East Boston, Mass.	5.00
East Providence, R. I.	5.60
East Dixfield, Me.	1.60
Elgin, Ill.	20.00
Fitchburg, Mass.	25.00
Franklin, Mass.	50.00
Grove Hall, Mass.	13.17
Greenville, Ohio	3.10
Guilford, Me.	8.19
Girard, Penn.	10.10
Galesburg, Ill.	11.00
Gloucester, Mass.	6.00
Gardiner, Me.	3.09
Hartford, Conn.	9.00
Harrisville, R. I.	5.00
Henderson, N. Y.	1.00
Haverhill, Mass.	7.21
Hutchinson, Kan.	8.00
Hudson, N. Y.	2.46
Horton, Mich.	2.00
Kent, Ohio	8.94
Kingfield, Me.	1.50
Lowell, Mass., First	11.75
Leominster, Mass.	10.00
Linesville, Penn.	10.39
LeRoy, Ill.	9.25
Litchfield, Ill.	2.78
Little Hocking, Ohio	5.00
Lawrence, Mass.	21.65
Livermore, Me.	1.10
Lynn, Mass.	31.79
Lockport, N. Y.	5.00
LaCrosse, Wis.	1.85
Los Angeles, Cal.	14.29
Lowell, Mass., Grace	16.41
Little Falls, N. Y.	9.10
Lewiston, Me.	3.85
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa	10.15
Milford, Ohio	5.00
Morrisville, Vt.	5.00
Malden, Mass.	12.40
Morris, N. Y.	3.65
Milford, Mass.	5.50
Medford Hillside, Mass.	4.00
Miami City, Ohio (Troy)	5.00
Macedon, N. Y.	10.00
Methuen, Mass.	7.13
Marlboro, Mass.	5.36
Marlboro, N. H.	8.00
Minneapolis, Minn., Tuttle	9.18
Manchester, Ind.	5.00
Middleport, N. Y.	7.88
Marseilles, Ill.	3.78
Mitchellville, Iowa	3.20
Nashua, N. H.	5.15
New Bedford, Mass.	10.15
Newark, N. J.	10.00
New York City, Divine Paternity	21.44
North Weymouth, Mass.	10.00
Norway, Me.	5.50
Nunda, N. Y.	10.00
New Haven, Conn.	12.00
Norwood, Mass.	10.00
Olinda, Ont.	4.00
Oneonta, N. Y.	3.00
Oak Park, Ill.	14.00
Olive Branch, O.	4.50
Portland, Me., Messiah	10.00
Portland, Me., First	10.00
Providence, R. I., Mediator	10.56
Palmer, Mass.	5.00
Plymouth, Mass.	5.00
Providence, R. I., First	14.23
Peoria, Ill.	15.00
Pittsfield, Me.	11.69
Philadelphia, Penn., Restoration	9.71
Potsdam, N. Y.	6.00

Philadelphia, Penn., Messiah	16.93
Quincy, Mass.	5.00
Rev. Hazel I. Kirk	3.00
Rockland, Me.	6.00
Rochester, N. Y.	27.11
Roxbury, Mass.	10.00
Rochester, Vt.	1.50
Rumford, Me.	3.89
Rev. Almira L. Cheney	1.00
Reading, Penn.	5.00
Schuyler Lake, N. Y.	1.30
Santa Paula, Cal.	7.05
Sangerville, Me.	2.50
Smithton, Penn.	6.56
Stamford, Conn.	10.26
South Paris, Me.	7.36
Stoughton, Mass.	2.80
Sharpsburg, Ill.	3.00
Stockton, Ill.	8.55
St. Johnsbury, Vt.	7.44
Sycamore, Ill.	4.00
Scranton, Penn.	6.50
Springfield, Ohio	2.25
Springfield, Mass., Second	3.78
Springfield, Mass., St. Paul's	17.76
Stoughton, Wis.	3.40
Swampscott, Mass.	10.50
Syracuse, N. Y.	36.20
Somerville, Mass., First	3.50
Towanda, Penn.	3.00
Table Grove, Ill.	7.84
Turner Center, Me.	2.34
Tacoma, Wash.	10.00
Urbana, Ill.	10.00
Utica, N. Y.	11.01
Valley Falls, R. I.	6.00
Worcester, Mass., All Souls	13.78
West Paris, Me.	10.00
Woodsville, N. H.	15.62
Winchester, N. H.	3.00
Woodstock, Vt.	.25
Washington, D. C.	28.00
Waltham, Mass.	15.29
West Gloucester, Mass.	1.30
Westbrook, Me.	12.00
Woonsocket, R. I.	21.75
Yarmouth, Maine	1.50
	$1,469.31

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CONDITIONS IN THE RUHR

Probably as accurate a summary of conditions in the Ruhr as we have, appeared in a recent editorial of the *London Times*, urging Mr. Baldwin's government to move vigorously to settle once for all the question of German reparations:

"Meanwhile every hour's delay increases the difficulties of a situation infinitely aggravated, since the time when Mr. Bonar Law took office, by the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr. Germany's delivery of reparation payments has ceased; her capacity to pay has been impaired. Worse than this, the German spirit of hostility has been extended and embittered. All classes in occupied and unoccupied territory alike, and all the component states, fractious and disunited a few months ago, have been welded into a compact opposition to France. The inhabitants of the Ruhr spontaneously resisted the encroachments on their liberties, and were, perhaps ill-advisedly, but not unnaturally, encouraged from Berlin. Their attitude provoked reprisals by the French administration, and it is no exaggeration to say that a reign of terror has now been established. Any German officials who fail to comply with the slightest behest of General Degoutte are imprisoned or expelled. The number deported amounts to thousands weekly; and the victims' families are uprooted from their homes a few days later and flung into unoccupied Germany, without shelter, without means of subsistence, despair and rage in their hearts. Shootings and riots are growing in frequency and seriousness. The misfortunes of Germany, no doubt, are, in the first instance, her own fault, but they are being spread by the policy of M. Poincare over an ever-widening number of innocent sufferers."

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WAR: THE SUCKER GAME

Quietly but steadfastly this country is appraising what Charles F. G. Masterman calls "that infernal clang of the stupidities and ferocities of war." In his book on "England After War," Mr. Masterman shows the change in public opinion since the armistice:

"The whole thing has fallen to pieces like a child's doll's house. The result of its destruction was not in the least realized when we rejoiced deliriously over victory and the armistice. It is only now being apprehended that both sides have lost, and only the one lost more heavily."

It's interesting to see how closely this coincides with Will Irwin's statement in his article in this issue:

"Norman Angell maintained that war could no longer pay; victor and vanquished would both lose. By 1919, when the Big Four had finished messing round with a settlement, every one began to suspect that he was right. By 1923 every one knew that he was right."

There are still many who do not accept those statements. But few are left who do not agree that we must find some form of international co-operation through which to adjust future disputes and thus prevent future wars.

Meanwhile, what's the army doing? Well, the chief thing it is doing is to make plans for future wars. Justice John H. Clarke quotes one of our "most talented younger generals," thus:

"The plans being perfected will determine how your boys shall be drafted, clothed, armed and subsisted, trained and transported to the field of operations; how they will be deployed, blooded by trial battle and finally plunged into the fury of conflict. It is being determined whether their dead bodies shall be buried or cremated, how the shell-shocked, gassed, and wounded men may most quickly be rehabilitated and hurried back for further effort, and how more and more of your boys and others like them shall be gathered with least delay and pushed into the shambles to replace those who have been destroyed."

Just the other day army statisticians put out elaborate figures to show that in the last war the Central Powers inflicted 6,685,000 more mortal injuries and casualties than they received, because they had been prepared for war more carefully.

You can hardly blame the professional soldier for believing that if we devote ourselves wholeheartedly to war preparations we're not so likely to get hurt—until you set up some means of forestalling war itself.—*Collier's Weekly.*

* * *

COST OF NEWSPAPERS AND BOOKS

The *London Telegraph* and *London Times* have raised the price of papers from 1 1-2 d (3 c) to 2d (4c). Announcing the change the *Telegraph* says:

"The proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* make this announcement with regret. They had hoped that the next change in the price of their paper, which was the pioneer of the Penny Press, would be back to the popular price. But, after a year's experiment at 1 1-2 d, they are reluctantly compelled to revert to 2d.

"Newsprint—the paper used in the printing of a journal—which is the chief item in these costs, is now more than double its price in 1914. Wages, the next most important consideration, stand at more than three times their pre-war figure. The publisher is paying for carriage and distribution more than double what he paid in 1914. Of the miscellaneous items which come into the cost of newspaper production, hardly any stand at less than twice what they were eight years ago."

Home and Children

CONTENTMENT

There is a point beyond which longing ends,
  Where no more yearning is, nor any hope
Above the present need; where thought descends
  To common earth, and wishes cease to grope.
Contentment men have called it; and they make
  Of it a thing most diligently sought.
Not so with me: I would forever break
  The fragile thread of which content is wrought.

Give me the will to speak, the thought that lifts
  The humble heart on pinions of desire.
It is the weak, the stagnant soul that drifts
  In calm content—too feeble to aspire.
Who finds most Life must most for living strive;
  For only by our longings do we live.

Helen Frazee-Bower.

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THE NEIGHBORHOOD CIRCUS

Rose Brooks

FATHER sat behind his widespread newspaper on the cool living-room piazza. Mother stood close to the middle pillar, eyes intent on a group of small boys in the furthest corner of the garden. "I do wonder what they're up to now!" she finally broke the silence.

"Up to?" from Father, lazily. "Seem quiet to me. Aren't up to anything, are they?"

"Suspiciously quiet," said Mother. "Buzzing like bees about something. I can't find out what, but something to do with animals, I'm pretty sure. To-day when David asked me if I could part hair straight, I had a moment of hope that the day had dawned when of his own accord he would take a human interest in his own tousled head. But when I assured him I could show him how to make the finest part in his hair he said, 'Oh, it isn't my head, it's Bingo's'—that curly-haired dog that Jimsy Dane has just acquired."

Father's suppressed chuckle was his only comment.

"Having vaunted my prowess, there was nothing to do but prove it," went on Mother. "I spent about half an hour parting Bingo's hair straight down his backbone—all the boys superintending and brushing as if their lives depended on the job. Here they come."

Six small boys sauntered toward the piazza and when within speaking distance, David asked casually, "Mother, would it hurt Bounce to give him a bath?"

"A bath!" gasped Mother. "Mercy, cats don't like to be bathed. Why do you want to? He has lived three happy years, bathless."

"Oh, nothing," said David, vaguely, and the group sauntered off, only to return. "Have you an old hair-brush I can have for Bounce, Mother? He ought to be brushed—makes his fur silky. You have?" in eager tones, as Mother nodded. "Lowest drawer of the playroom bureau? Wait, fellows, I'll get it. You be getting Bounce. He's prob'ly asleep on the kitchen porch," and David's inertia vanished as he sped upstairs.

"Why this sudden furbishing up of all the animals," began Mother.

"No harm," said Father, putting down his newspaper with another chuckle. "Anyway you can't find out till they're ready to tell you. Maybe it's clean-up week for pets—there's a clean-up week for everything else. Ah, Bounce is captured."

Again out of hearing, six small boys settled themselves by the lower stone wall and proceeded to give Bounce such a thorough brushing as he had not had since he was born.

"I've given up guessing," Mother announced to Father next day after dinner. "Apparently not an animal in the neighborhood is escaping. Mrs. Alden says John spent the afternoon shining up their canary's cage with brass polish till it's a glittering glory; and Mrs. Burton says the boys have groomed Arthur's pony till the brush and currycomb are on the pension list. Every cat has been caught and polished up. This afternoon I saw David and the rest of them starting for the park, and when I inquired where they were bound, David said, 'Oh, over near the links.' That's three miles, you know, and when I asked why such a jaunt on such a hot day, they said, 'See a boy.' Now I know perfectly well that no friend of theirs lives in that little settlement, so I persisted and demanded what boy, and David said: "Oh, a boy. Don't know his name. He's got three goats."

Father shouted. "Let them alone," he said. "They're harmlessly busy and having a great time over something. It'll all come out in time. Wait and see."

Wait the mothers did, during a whole week of abnormal activity. Hours were filled with improvement in the appearances of all the neighborhood pets. There were noisy periods of hammering in Jimsy's cellar, to which every available old grocery box was dragged. Finally, after an afternoon when the six had shut themselves in David's room with large sheets of paper, a bottle of ink, and innumerable pencils, the mystery was cleared. Together the six covered the neighborhood, leaving at each door a black-lettered poster which announced:

Circus! Circus!
All Come!
Bring the Babies!
Babies 5 Cents
Grown-ups 10 cents
Every Known Animal!
Jimsy's Back Yard!
All Saturday Afternoon!
Ice-cream! Candy! Popcorn!
Music!

"Mother," asked David, serenely, at dinner, after Father and Mother had both expressed an enthusiastic intention of attending the circus, "course you'll make the big freezer full of ice-cream, won't you? Says 'ice-cream' on the poster, you know."

At the same moment John was saying to his mother, also long trained to emergencies: "You make the best popcorn balls of anybody, Mother, so course I told the boys you'd make those. We want a lot. Popcorn sort o' goes with circuses. Says 'popcorn' on the posters, you know. I'll wrap 'em in oiled paper

for you," he added helpfully. "Quite a job to wrap 'em, isn't it, Mother?"

Saturday dawned fair and warm—perfect circus weather. At noon six small boys appeared at their respective luncheon tables, a little weary, but elate. Everything was ready, and they did hope everybody would come early and stay late. A large and constant attendance was desired, so the mothers gathered. All the fathers to a man came home a little early, and at one o'clock the first comers arrived at Jimsy's gate, quickly followed by others.

"Whew! See the cash!" said Jimsy, the gate-keeper to John, his assistant. "Everybody's paying 10 cents a baby, same as for grown-ups!"

Jimsy's back yard—the circus part—is shady and just natural, no lawns and flowers to watch out for—a place where boys had always played. In the center of the open space stood a kitchen table and on it a phonograph played ceaselessly—wound by the boys in turn. Another table was placarded, "Ice-cream, 10 cents." David's mother had not failed him. Fudge and popcorn balls were conspicuous near by. But music and eatables are after all but accessories to any circus. The real interest lies in the animals.

Suddenly the music stopped for a moment, and David, hopping up on the table, announced clearly, "Ladies and Gentlemen and Children and Babies, this is a circus, only the animals don't perform because we belong to the Jack London Club. But you can look at them all you want to, and they're all labeled." As he jumped down he gave the phonograph a vigorous winding, and to its strains the joyous crowd proceeded to view the animals.

First in line was Bounce, sleek behind his bars and sound asleep, a saucer of salmon in one corner of his grocery box cage. Astonished eyes read his label. "Black Panther. Found only in India. Very rare. Very fierce." Bounce opened a sleepy yellow eye, spread his claws in a stretch and, purring loudly, again fell asleep. In the next cage was Fluff, John's cat. His label informed: "California Lion. Roars loudly. Keep back from the bars." Fluff was also asleep, his fur silky with many brushings. Seven cats there were, each representing to the best of his ability a wild brother of the jungle.

Next came Bingo under a tree, also asleep, but stretched out in such a way as best to display his parted hair. "Bingo! Bingo! Wake up!" commanded Jimsy, running up. "Awful hard to keep 'em awake!" he complained bitterly to the onlookers. "There's his label, tacked to the tree he's tied to. Course his ears and face and legs and tail don't look just like it, but his coat's curly"—

"Llama, from the mountains of Peru," read the crowd, and with a superhuman effort kept its gravity till Jimsy's duties called him elsewhere.

"The cage looks like gold," said David's mother, weakly, spying John's canary hanging from a pine bough near the popcorn stand. "What role can he be playing?" Strolling to see, she found him labeled vaguely, "Aviary"—a representative of all flying wings.

No, that's not all. A black-eyed boy with a white goat was a drawing-card. "Rocky Mountain Goat," the exhibit said. "Leaps down a mountain and lands on his horns. Doesn't hurt him." To the relief of the managers, the goat stayed awake without urging.

Arthur's pony, little fat brown Topsy, did her part to make the circus a success. Just a pony was Topsy, unlabeled. Every baby rode her, led slowly by Arthur, and paid 5 cents for the privilege.

From first to last the circus was a great success—no doubt about it in the mind of any one. No one thought for a moment of going home till all went together at six o'clock.

"Well," said David's father to David's mother as he came upon her holding a fat-legged baby securely on Topsy's back, "found out what it was about, didn't you?"

"I did," said Mrs. Martin, joyously. "And I feel not older than ten myself."

"I feel six," grinned Mr. Martin. "Haven't had so much fun since"—Then as Jimsy's father strolled up, he went on: "By the way, what are the funds for? Anybody know how much they made?" Together the two men hunted up the boys, who all six were industriously counting dimes, nickels and pennies on the ice-cream stand.

"My!" said David, adding the last dime to the pile. "Eight dollars and forty cents!"

"What's it for?" asked Mr. Martin. "Or is that a secret? New balls and bats?"

"No," said David. "Didn't we tell you? You see our animals made it by being a circus, and it's for animals—you know that animal society—we saw the ad. in the paper one day."

"Ad. said they needed lots and lots of money," said Jimsy, his voice a little troubled.

"I see," said Mr. Martin, light beginning to dawn. "And you all have pets and like them and you thought"—

"Course we like them," said Jimsy, stroking Bingo's much-brushed hair. "Seems mean if everybody isn't good to them."

The other fathers had gathered and stood listening. Without a word David's father laid a dollar on the table. Without a word every father did the same.

"Why," gasped David, "you paid admission and bought all the things to eat"—

"We like them, too," said David's father.

"Guess we remember the dogs and cats and ponies we had when we were boys," said Jimsy's father.

With a warwhoop six small boys joined hands and did a war dance around the table. "Fourteen Dollars and Forty cents!" they shouted. "Fourteen Dollar and Forty Cents!"

Yes, from every viewpoint that circus was a success.

(*All rights reserved.*)

* * *

The farmer took the man out to a field and started him at plowing behind two horses.

Two hours later the new farmhand returned to the house utterly exhausted. The farmer asked him how he was getting along.

"Not gettin' along at all," snapped the new man disgustedly; "how do you expect me to hold a plow with two big, strong horses trying to pull it away from me all the time?"—*Boston Post.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Aug. 12-19. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Maine.

Aug. 28-Sept. 3. S. S. and Y. P. C. U. Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

* *

MORE ABOUT MUNCIE

A few changes were made in the details of methods and plans of Christian Union work by the Muncie Convention. It has been the boast of the Y. P. C. U. that from the beginning the organization has been in the hands of the young people themselves; its policies have never been dictated by those who were older and more experienced. It is only so that its members can receive training in responsibility, initiative and self-reliance.

Sometimes this has curious results. It has been estimated that the average "life" of a Christian Unioner, that is, the length of time during which he remains active in the organization, is about seven years. This means that every few years there is an entirely different personnel in the Union, and there are left practically none of those who were active seven or eight years before. And very frequently a new group makes the same experiment with methods which had been tried and found wanting by those who went before them.

But there are other methods which have proved effective with one group which do not meet the needs of a succeeding group, and then changes are made which serve to keep the organization up to date.

Young People Are Different

The much-discussed differences between the young people of to-day and those of the earlier generation are very real. Fundamentally the same divine-human nature is there, and is at least as self-assertive. But it works in different ways, as can be easily appreciated by one whose imagination is sufficiently active.

The young people who are active in the Christian Union of to-day and are in control of its affairs were all of them in the adolescent period when the war began. Their emotional life was developed under the stress and strain of the war. All of us can remember how we were all up on edge, eager for the latest news. The war, from one point of view, was an emotional debauch that affected the entire civilized world. That was the emotional atmosphere in which the young people of to-day passed their habit-forming years, an atmosphere very different from that in which we who are older grew up, when the wildest excitement was the sixteen to one controversy of Bryan's first presidential campaign.

No wonder these young people of to-day are different from those of us whose habits of thought and feeling were formed in "piping times of peace." We were able after the war to settle back into much the same emotional attitude that we held before: that is one reason the elder statesmen could not create or approve after the war a better method of world-organization than that of the secret diplomacy which had produced the war.

But the young people did not have that earlier emotional foundation. They are different from those of us who have lived as much as half of our three score years and ten. And they always will be.

This means, among other things, that ways and means and methods that were useful to the older generation will not meet the corresponding needs of the young men and women of to-day.

Comrades of the Quiet Hour

An illustration of this is to be found in the attitude taken by the young people toward the "Comrades of the Quiet Hour," which was made a part of the Christian Union work in 1915, before any but the older ones of to-day's Unioners had joined the organization.

For at least three years, and probably longer, there has been a growing opposition to this department of the work which has shown itself in many ways. I have never found any real opposition to the underlying idea and purpose of the Quiet Hour; it has always been to the method by which that purpose was carried out. And at Muncie that was the whole issue. Those who advocated and brought about the change are among the most earnest Unioners, and many of them, I know, are faithful in keeping the Quiet Hour practically every day.

The only changes that were made were in the discontinuance of the use of the pledge card, and in completing the movement begun nearly four years ago to make this a regular part of the devotional work of the Union, instead of a separate department.

There never was a generation so utterly intolerant of everything that savors of hypocrisy as are the young people of to-day. And because in some Unions efforts had been made to secure the signing of Quiet Hour pledge cards by every member, primarily to make a good showing in reports, and because it was argued that the pledge card is unnecessary, this method was abandoned. They were determined to remove all temptation to hypocrisy and merely mechanical piety.

Misunderstanding Motives

Such action is bound to be misunderstood. Several years ago I sat in the gallery during a meeting of the Methodist General Conference when that section of the Discipline which forbids certain forms of amusement was under discussion. While I could not tell just what bearing the various arguments advanced had upon the final vote, it seemed to me that the one which swayed enough people to make the small majority which kept the Discipline as it had stood was based upon the fact that any change would be misunderstood. The Methodist Church could not amend its Discipline in this particular without seeming to advise its members to dance and play cards.

So this change is likely to be misunderstood by those who are older than the young people of to-day, for it is so easy to confuse methods with motives, and paths toward the goal of endeavor with the goal itself. There are some who think the Comrades of the Quiet Hour work has been abandoned. The real effort was to vitalize it.

Christian Stewardship

The same thing occurred a year ago at the Worcester Convention when it was voted to discontinue the use of the stewardship pledge cards. Although none of these cards have been signed during the past year, there is undoubtedly a stronger realization of the fact of stewardship on the part of the Unioners than there was a year ago, because the matter has been presented not as a matter of voluntary enrollment, but as one of universal obligation.

What Was Really Done

The action taken at Muncie regarding the Comrades of the Quiet Hour is exactly expressed in the recommendation adopted there:

"Recognizing the spiritual value of the Comrades of the Queit Hour, but believing that the signing of pledge cards is a hindrance to the advancement of this spirit, we recommend that the Comrades of the Quiet Hour be discontinued as a separate department, but that the devotional department and our entire organization place greater emphasis on the spirit behind the Quiet Hour than ever before."

Read it over again. The pledge card is discarded because the young people of to-day believe that it is a hindrance and not a help. They believe in the Quiet Hour, but they have decided that what helped the young people of eight years ago to keep it will not help the young people of 1923, and they know better than any one else.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Chattanooga, Tenn., July 24.

* *

For the Quiet Hour

The self preserving power of a virtue is in direct proportion to the passion with which it is pursued. Honesty pursued reluctantly has but little resisting power against the freezing influence of the world. Truth, pursued with lukewarmness, is easily chilled into expediency and compromise. A virtue must have a core of heat if it is to be in any worthy measure self-defensive. And that is the strength of the enthusiastic soul.

J. H. Jowett.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

AT MURRAY GROVE

Beginning Aug. 20 and continuing for five days a Missionary Conference will be held at Murray Grove. To say that this will be in charge of Mrs. Maude Lyon Cary is to guarantee beforehand its complete success.

The current mission study books, both home and foreign, will be taken up, a class on methods, "Let's Improve Our Missionary Society," will be held and in addition there will be a wealth of information along all lines of women's church activities.

Perhaps you have been intending for years to visit Murray Grove. Plan to do it during this conference and take back not only the inspiration of the place itself, but a fund of missionary knowledge and interest that will be of use all through the year.

* *

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NORTHFIELD

The Central Vermont train wheezed, bumped, and lurched forward. The sun was hot, the cinders poured through the open windows upon the perspiring passengers within, children "mopped" the window sills with hands that were sticky with orange juice and candy. I tried in vain to think of all the delightful things I had heard about Northfield.

"East Northfield, East Northfield," called the brakeman. With a heavy suitcase in one hand and an umbrella in the other I stepped, dust-begrimed and warm, to the platform. The bus was late, the supper hour was long past—however, all uncomfortable things *do* come to an end and at last I saw the brick walls of Gould Hall. Bathed, fed, refreshed, I looked out on a world made new.

So this was Northfield!

Surrounded by green-sloped mountains, their summits misty in the distance, the rolling, velvet campus with its majestic trees, dotted here and there by stately buildings of brick and stone, lay bathed in the glow of the evening sunset. With the psalmist of old one exclaims, "Beautiful for situation"—the joy of all who journey hither.

To the newcomer the friendly spirit of comradeship is most welcome. Delightful, too, the sight of so many *young* women; in our youth is our future Church.

"Camp Murray"—its tents white against the background of pines—is charming but it is too small; we should have one hundred campers, not twenty-four. Universalists, why not send your girls? Able leadership and a spirit of service, consecration and progress are found here in large measure.

We were proud of Miss Andrews, whose table of Universalist literature and charming posters were highly commended from the auditorium platform. The Japanese playlet (which all our Mission Circles should use this year) by Mrs. Cary—so exquisitely given—was by request repeated in the reception room of Gould Hall. All praise to such leaders!

Sitting here at my desk I close my eyes, and against the violet and pink of an evening sky I see the lighted candles of hundreds of young women dressed in white as they depict "The Guardians of the Light." Yes, I hear the swelling chorus—"Open mine eyes, illumine me, Spirit Divine." Again, I see the huge bonfire on the hill, casting flickering shadows upon the many watchers, and from the distance comes the mighty song, "Glory, glory, hallelujah, His truth is marching on," sung by the advancing camp girls 500 strong, as they lift proudly their floating banners.

I feel nearer in spirit to our faithful missionaries as I listen to the appealing words of "Cherry Blossom," our small sister from Japan. I hear again the vital, inspiring message—that message of God's guidance, power, and reality that is so sorely needed in our day—of Rev. James Gordon Gilkey. It will live forever in the hearts of his hearers. I feel again that spirit of consecration, the throb and thrill of the spoken word and the unspoken prayer, of the sunset services on Round Top.

"Follow, follow, follow the gleam
Of the light that shall bring the dawn."

Can you afford *not* to go to Northfield? Tell me.

Maude B. Foster,
President Connecticut W. U. M. A.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

THE THIRD FLOOR BACK

Between Trip Observations by the President of the General Association

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back," the play written by Jerome K. Jerome and made famous by Forbes Robertson, has been one of the most useful and inspiring dramas every produced. I hope that the readers of this column all know it and love it, that they have been touched by the transforming Christ-spirit that it presents, and that they have been helped to despise pretense and to value truth. In the new building at 176 Newbury Street, the General Sunday School Association occupies "The Third Floor Back." It is the hope of all the members of our force that we may in some degree keep the ideals that have been inculcated by the marvelous play. From this sanctum I shall write frequent notes for the *Leader*, revealing rather intimately some of the matters that are on my mind and heart.

. . . .

Many men gave five thousand dollars apiece; several gave twenty-five thousand apiece; one man gave a hundred and fifty thousand, and incidentally wrecked the bank of which he was president. How men will sign checks when they are deeply stirred! I was thrilled when I read that such sacrifices were being made "for the honor of Montana," "for the good name of the Northwest," even "for the sake of America's reputation." I wondered at first just what great philanthropic enterprise was at stake and I dared to hope that some new movement for the citizens of the future was on foot, possibly even some unprecedented effort for religious education. But, alas, a closer reading revealed that all this money was being given—that Montana might stage a pummeling match between two giants with more brawn than brain! Fortunes were lost, but I suppose that the honor of the Northwest was saved. I have been trying to recall any gifts for Sunday school work that have required six figures, or five figures. They are not made. As Miss Earle says, we need to "think big" in these most vital matters, to develop a devotion so that men will give for salvation as other men will give for sport. When an organization serving all the Sunday schools of the country needed a hundred and fifty thousand dollars at the close of the war, did some man of vision take out his checkbook and thankfully contribute the amount? No. The whole country was divided into districts that the money might be secured in infinitesimal sums; and then it was not secured. God grant a Pentecost to our pocket-books! People laugh at me when I sometimes say that I am looking for a man who will give a hundred thousand dollars for our own General Sunday School Association. But why should it be thought a thing incredible?

. . . .

An eminent educator is parting company with the New England college of which he has been president, the principal cause apparently being that the trustees believe that young men should be taught truth, while he holds that they should be taught how to find truth. He has the better of the argument, but surely there is something still more fundamental. In college, high school, and in Sunday school too, pupils should be taught to crave truth, to love truth, to seek truth. The reason that students do not learn is that they are inattentive; and the reason that they are inattentive is that they are not interested. Blessed is the teacher who can develop a group of enthusiasts. Through shining eyes the truth reaches the eager mind. Method is important; but desire is indispensable. *The Sojourner.*

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Roger F. Etz, Secretary of the Universalist General Convention, is now chaplain of the 182d Regiment of Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard. He has been in camp at Camp Devens for fifteen days. Col. Albert C. Gray, commanding the regiment, is a member and trustee of our Medford Hillside church.

Dr. John Smith Lowe is convalescent from his recent serious illness and was in attendance upon the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention in Boston on July 30. He is soon to leave for a vacation in the mountains to complete his recovery.

Colorado

Denver.—Rev. H. H. Niles, pastor. The *Denver Express* of July 23 gives half a column to the reopening of our church here. Mr. Niles took for his subject July 22 "God will take care of you," and on July 29 he spoke on "The God of things as they are."

Illinois

Elgin.—The three and a half years' pastorate of Dr. Frank D. Adams was brought to a close with the service of July 15. Dr. Adams has resigned to accept a call to the Church of Our Father, Detroit, Mich., where he begins his work on the second Sunday in September. During his Elgin pastorate 134 persons have united with the church, an increase of forty per cent in the resident membership; he has conducted 101 funerals, officiated at thirty weddings, baptized eleven adults and christened twenty-four children. All departments of the church are in a healthy condition, and the organization is the most prosperous of any period in its history. A pulpit supply committee, of which Charles R. Eames is chairman, has begun a vigorous search for a new minister. Rev. Luther Riley Robinson, the Mid-West Superintendent, preached July 22, and the church closed till Sept. 1.

Massachusetts

Springfield Second.—Rev. Elmer D. Colcord, pastor. Our June Carnival was held the last three days of the month on our church grounds. Under the leadership of Mr. James Stevens it met with splendid success. A large attendance was recorded and over $200 cleared. Miss Marian Holland represented the local Union at Muncie. Ferry Beach will irresistibly lure many of us again this summer. Plans are under way for celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the building of the present church early next spring. Sept. 16 to 23 will be our busy week. Again we are to conduct a luncheon booth at the Eastern States Exposition.

New Hampshire

Newfields.—Rev. F. L. Payson, pastor. Fifty years ago the late Rev. L. H. McKinney began his pastorate in this parish and was its first settled minister. A fiftieth anniversary was held in this church Sunday, July 22. The pastor gave a short historical address and Rev. Geo. F. Fortier, State Superintendent, gave the sermon. A bell has been given the church and its first welcome peal called the people to worship last Sunday morning. It was given by Misses Belle and Harriett Paul in memory of their father, who was influential in the erection of the church. The bell bears the inscription, "Given June, 1923, in memory of Amos Paul, 1810-1896." At the service letters were read from former pastors, Revs. W. H. Tuckey, Allen Brown, Nancy W. P. Smith and George E. Leighton. During these fifty years there have been thirteen ministers. The longest pastorate was that of Rev. Nancy W. P. Smith, who so faithfully served this people ten years. Eight years ago the present pastor began his work with this parish. At the service Sunday morning it was stated that in the early days of this church one hundred and nine joined the parish at one meeting. The pastor in behalf of the parish and friends expressed their gratitude to the donors for their generous and most welcome gift. The sermon of "Memorial" was listened to with marked interest.

New York

Fort Plain.—Rev. Herbert Frank Moulton, pastor. Our church is closed for five weeks. Our minister is in Maine on his farm for the summer vacation season. The last Sunday, July 22, was "Auto Sunday." The newspapers in Mohawk Valley gave it a good deal of publicity.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,384
Syracuse, N. Y.	3
Total	1,387

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 655. Syracuse, N. Y., 1. Total, 656.

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MURRAY GROVE NOTES

Last Saturday Rev. W. H. McGlauflin, D. D., and Mrs. McGlauflin, left for New England, much to our regret. Aside from the contribution naturally expected of companionable people we shall miss the Doctor's skill as a deep sea fisherman. Reservations continue to come and if anything like the numbers come who contemplate coming we shall have a very lively August. Rev. Maude L. Cary, who arrived from Northfield last Saturday, goes Friday to Ferry Beach and then back for the Missionary Institute here at Murray Grove. Mr. Roy L. French is due to-day, and Mr. Milburn to-morrow. The first to lecture on "Contemporary American Poets" and the second to give a series of illustrated travelogues on July 26, 28, and 30, and Aug. 1. Last, but not least, Mrs. Mullen, the presiding genius at Murray Grove, sets a splendid table. We all realize that if people understood what we have here we should have to set up cots on the porches to accomodate them.

* *

Notices

FERRY BEACH FAIR

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Ferry Beach Park Association will hold their annual Fair Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 2 p. m. We earnestly ask the co-operation of all women interested in Ferry Beach. Gifts of salable articles would be much appreciated. Many of the local aid societies in the various churches can aid in this work. The chairman of the Fair committee is Miss Martha J. Marshall, 107 Bridgham St., Providence, R. I. Every dollar received from this fair goes to make a bigger and better Ferry Beach.

Please send all parcels for the Fair directly to Ferry Beach. Parcel post packages should be sent to "The Quillen House, Saco, Maine," and express packages to "The Quillen House, Old Orchard, Me."

Mrs. William R. Thomson,
President Ladies' Aid Society.
35 *Sherwood Ave., Bridgeport, Ct.*

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MURRAY GROVE, N J., SEASON OF 1923

The following program will reveal that the coming season at Murray Grove is likely to surpass any preceding one in attractiveness and attenance.

July 26, 28 and 30 and August 1, beautifully illustrated travelogues by Rev. U. S. Milburn.

Sunday, Aug. 5—Preaching service by Rev. Roger F. Etz.

Saturday, Aug. 11—Birthday Party.

Sunday, Aug. 12—Preaching service by Rev. John Murray Atwood, D. D.

Thursday, Aug. 16—Annual business meeting.

Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17 and 18—Annual fair.

Sunday, Aug. 19—Preaching service by Rev. Maude Lyon Carey.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25—Institute of the Women's National Missionary Association.

Sunday, Aug. 26—Preaching service by Rev. Francis W. Gibbs.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31 and Sept 1 and 3—Institute of the General Sunday School Association and the Young People's Christian Union.

Sunday, Sept. 2 (evening). Address by Rev. Hannah Powell.

Numerous religious services, lectures, entertainments and excursions throughout the season.

The rates at Murray Grove are very low, the rooms and board are good and the company is delightful. For reservations or information address Rev. H. M. Cary, Little Falls, New York.

* *

VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

July 23. Voted to ordain J. Emery Coulter of Huntingville, P. Q., Rev. George F. Fortier appointed to confer fellowship. Voted to accept transfer of Rev. George L. Mason from Massachusetts.

George F. Fortier, Clerk.

FERRY BEACH, MAINE

Season of 1923

Preaching services will be held in the Grove with the following speakers:

Sunday, Aug. 5, a. m. Rev. Eleanor Forbes; p. m. Rev. Elmer Colcord.
Wednesday, Aug. 8, p. m. Dr. Lee McCollester.
Sunday, Aug. 12, a. m. Rev. Arthur E. Wilson; p. m. Rev. Fred Line.
Wednesday, Aug. 15, a. m., to be announced.
Sunday, Aug. 19, a. m. Rev. Ellsworth Reamon; p. m. Y. P. C. U. Leaders.

* *

1923 YEAR BOOK

The Universalist Year Book for 1923 is ready for distribution. This issue contains 176 pages giving the reports of the General Convention and auxiliary bodies, necrology, directories of general organizations, State Conventions and local churches. The price of the book is one dollar, with discount for ministers and church officers.

Order from Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., cash to be sent with order.

* *

MURRAY GROVE FAIR, 1923

The Annual Fair for the benefit of the Murray Grove Association will be held at Murray Grove August 17 and 18 under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Crowell, Jr., assisted by Miss Hattie E. Miller.

Will you be one to help make $1,000?

Kindly send all donations of money, fancy and useful articles to either member of the committee.

Address until Aug. 1, Valley Stream, Long Island, N. Y. After that date to Murray Grove House, Forked River, New Jersey.

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WANTED

Copies of "Gospel Melodies New and Old." Address Miss Clara Magrew, 864 S. Main St., Urbana, O

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COMRADES DAY AT FERRY BEACH

Aug. 11, 12., 1923 (Standard Time)

The following program has been arranged in connection with the third annual meeting of the Universalist Comrades at Ferry Beach, Me., Aug. 11 and 12.

Saturday. 2 p. m. Comrades Field Day. 6 p. m. Song Fest on the Beach on in the grove. 7 p. m. Comrades Banquet in the Quillen House dining hall. Toastmaster, Ralph W. E. Hunt. Speaker, E. S. Burlingham of Rhode Island, V. E. Blagbrough of Massachusetts, Robert L. Whitcomb of Massachusetts.

Comrades Sunday, Aug. 12. Sunrise service at 6 a. m. on the beach, led by Fred C. Carr of Providence. 10.30, preaching by Rev. Arthur E. Wilson. 2.30 p. m. Rev. Fred Line.

* *

Obituary

Rhoda Tyler Capen

Rhode (Tyler) Capen died at Warren, Mass., July 11, at the advanced age of eighty-six years. This brief notice tells us that a woman of energetic and liberal mind has finished her earthly cares. Whether teaching a school, or managing a popular business, she was always cheerful, reliable and progressive. With one exception she is the last of her family, a family of sturdy and generous Universalists. Her friends are in many fields, and will be sorry she can no longer be with them.

O. I. D.

Carrie C. Ballou

Miss Carrie C. Ballou died at her home in Stoughton, Mass., July 16. She was born in Stoughton Aug. 17, 1858, the daughter of Massena B. and Martha (Churchill) Ballou, and has always resided in the town.

She was educated in the public schools and was a graduate of the local high school and of the Bridgewater Normal School. After teaching in the public schools of Stoughton for many years she became principal of the Sylvester School in Brockton, which position she held for sixteen years.

She was a member of the Universalist church, and for many years she was superintendent of the Universalist Sunday school.

Miss Ballou was a woman of sterling character, a devoted Christian, and was a devoted daughter and a loving sister. She is survived by a brother, Murray H. Ballou of Newton, two nieces and many cousins.

The funeral services were held from the home July 18. Rev. William P. Farnsworth, pastor of the Universalist church, officated. Burial was in Evergreen Cemetery.

Miss Ballou was the last in Stoughton to bear a name honored in the town for nearly a century and in the Universalist Church everywhere. Her grandfather, Rev. M. B. Ballou, son of Rev. Hosea Ballou, the great pioneer preacher of Universalism, was himself pastor of the Stoughton Universalist church for many years. Universally beloved, he remained in Stoughton after his retirement from the ministry until his death.

Her father, "Massena" to young and old, held many public offices in the town. At his death he was collector of taxes.

Miss Ballou, as teacher in the public schools and as teacher and superintendent in the Universalist Sunday school, proved worthy of her name.

Probably because in her later years she taught in Brockton, though living in Stoughton in the old Ballou home, the younger generation did not know her well, but there are many who will miss her, and what she was and what the Ballou home meant to Stoughton and to the Universalist Church is their heritage.

M. A. C.

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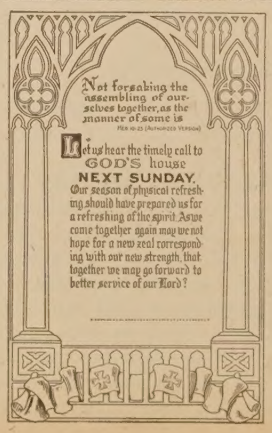

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And a loud masculine voice in the audience replied, "I will."—*Brown Bull.*

* *

"Darling, do you know that it is twenty-four hours since we became engaged?"

"Twenty-four hours! So it is, sweetheart."

"Yes, twenty-four hours ago you asked me to be your own little wife."

"Darling, and it seems only yesterday!" —*Exchange.*

* *

"How are you getting on at school, Alec?"

"Fine. We're learning words of four cylinders now."—*Passing Show.*

* *

Billy: "Kitty, what's the difference between a widow and a widower?"

Kitty: "A widower has had more husbands."—*Life.*

* *

Parent: "What is your reason for wishing to marry my daughter?"

Young Man: "I have no reason, sir; I am in love."—*London Opinion.*

* *

Detective (interviewing the lady whose house has been ransacked): "You can't remember what night this happened?"

"No, I was so excited at the time I only remember I was in my bath."

"Say no more, lady—I have it—it was Saturday night."—*Life.*

* *

"That's Bill Fligh, the aviator. He's the guy that used to write ads in the sky in smoke."

"Isn't he doing that any more?"

"No, had to give it up. He's got writer's cramp."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* *

Moses Junior: "Fader, a shentleman in de shop vants to know if dot all-vool unshrinkable shirt will shrink?"

Moses Senior: "Does it fid him?"

"No; id is too big."

"Den it vill shrink!"—*Exchange.*

* *

The newspaper types sometimes distort perfectly commonplace bits of news into most extraordinary statements. For example, a country weekly recently printed this startling announcement: "Mr. and Mrs. John Clarkson of Strawberry Hill are the parents of any infant daughter born on Thursday last."—*Youth's Companion.*

* *

Farmer: "I see you have reduced the fine for speeding from ten dollars to five dollars."

Country Judge: "Yes, the cusses were beginning to slow up."—*Boston Transcript.*

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